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The Mercury.

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THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1758, and is now in its one hundred and fifty-first year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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ROGER WILLIAMS LODGE, No. 265, Order Sons of St. George—Albert Beckhust, President; Fred Hull, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays.

NEWPORT TENT, No. 18, Knights of Maccabees—Robert D. Wilkey, Commander; Charles S. Grandall, Record Keeper. Meets 2nd and 4th Mondays.

COURT WANTON, No. 6979, FORESTERS OF AMERICA—James Graham, Chief Ranger; Joseph J. Dance, Recording Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—John T. Allen, President; Patrick F. Reynolds, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays.

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DAVIS DIVISION, No. 8, U. R. K. of P.—Sir Knight Captain Sidney D. Harvey; James C. Walsh, Recorder. Meets first Fridays.

CLAN MCLEOD, No. 153—John Yule, Chief; Alexander Gillies, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Fridays.

Local Matters.

Board of Aldermen.

Most of the time of the regular session of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening was devoted to receiving the report of the special committee to investigate conditions at the local theatres and to take action thereon.

The duties of the committee included the inspection of theatres and all other public buildings and halls, but at this meeting they were ready to report only on the theatres, leaving the other matters for future consideration. The committee found that the Bijou had complied with the requirements of the law. The Opera House and the Star Theatre were not so fortunate however and the committee recommended certain changes in the exits which the board decided to adopt. A resolution was passed calling attention to these changes and directing that they be made at once. There was some talk among the members as to whether or not the building law referred to buildings already erected at the time the law was passed, but it seemed to be the opinion that the law would fully cover the case.

The regular weekly pay rolls were approved and ordered paid. Mayor Boyle announced the appointment of Timothy P. Dwyer as a special policeman. Several applications for licenses were granted. The bids were opened for furnishing $30,000 to the city in anticipation of taxes, and the bid of the Aquidneck National Bank was accepted at 3.30 per cent discount plus fifty cents.

Steamer Commonwealth.

The new steamer Commonwealth, flagship of the Fall River Line fleet, will be placed in service between New York and Boston on Sunday, February 28. She will leave Fall River, the eastern point of departure, on her first trip.

So many New England folks are going to Washington for the inauguration ceremonies that all the staterooms on the steamers now in service were reserved months ago and the Fall River Line management has had to hurry up and get the Commonwealth ready in order to take care of the increased travel.

There will be two steamers from Fall River on February 28. The Plymouth will convoy the Commonwealth and will bring over three companies of the Sixth Massachusetts Infantry and two troops of cavalry.

Beach Buildings Burned.

It looked for a time Sunday morning as if there might be nothing left at the Beach but a little sand and considerable water, all the wooden buildings there being threatened by an incendiary fire which destroyed several of the small amusement buildings between the two pavilions. That the damage was not more extensive was due largely to the fact that the wind was favorable and that the fire department was on hand promptly to fight the flames.

It was about 2.30 Sunday morning when box 43, at the corner of Bath road and Gibbs avenue, was pulled. Those who arose and looked out of their windows saw a bright glare in the direction of the Beach, and in consequence there was quite a large attendance of spectators as it was thought that the large pavilions would go. When the apparatus arrived it was found that the fire was confined to the small buildings on the board walk between the pavilions. They made a brilliant blaze but there was not a great deal there to be consumed, and the wind was not in the right direction to seriously threaten the larger buildings. The department soon had it under control without spreading much. The bowling alley, where the fire probably originated, the penny arcade and the shooting gallery were completely destroyed with their contents, while the picture gallery was considerably scorched. The bowling alley was run by S. L. Rosen, and the other places by Casabianca, the loss being covered by insurance.

The fire was undoubtedly of incendiary origin. The buildings at the Beach were all closed up for the winter and there was no fire in any of them. The flames were discovered by two people who were clamming near the water, and they had been there since the early evening without observing anything suspicious in the vicinity of the buildings. As they carried a lantern it would have been an easy matter for the incendiary to keep a constant watch on them and be certain of freedom from interference while he was applying the match.

Newport Royal Arch Chapter.

The one hundred and third annual convocation of Newport Chapter, No. 2, Royal Arch Masons, was held in Masonic Temple on Thursday evening with a large attendance of members. R. E. Willard E. Eaton of Bristol, Deputy Grand High Priest, presided at the election and installed the officers, being assisted by Charles A. Manchester of Providence, acting as Grand Captain of the Host.

The new officers of the Chapter are as follows:

High Priest—William Champion.
King—Henry G. Riley.
Scribe—Charles E. Burdsley.
Treasurer—Andrew K. McMahon.
Secretary—Ara Hildreth.
Chaplain—Robert S. Franklin.
Captain of the Host—Max Levy.
Principal Sojourner—Walter W. Farnum.
Royal Arch Captain—J. Irving Shepley.
Master 3rd Veil—James P. Cozzens.
Master 2nd Veil—Daniel U. Boone.
Master 1st Veil—Abner L. Slocum.
Senior Steward—Harry L. Burbidge.
Junior Steward—Joseph W. Sampson.
Tyler—J. Gottlieb Spingler.
Trustee for three years—George Melville.

Fire Damages House.

The house on Johnson court owned and occupied by Harry Silverman was badly damaged by fire shortly after 7 o'clock Wednesday evening. Although there was no one in the house when the fire broke out it is supposed that it was due to overheated stoves or defective connections.

Box 21 was sounded a few minutes after seven o'clock and the department made a quick run in a pouring rain to Johnson's court where the Silverman house was found to be full of flames. The department had a long hard fight, but hydrant streams and chemical engines were all that were necessary for the work. The fire had penetrated behind the partitions and into the walls and seemed to be in every part of the house at once, so that much tearing down was necessary. After working for some time a floor fell and threatened some of the firemen with injury, but fortunately all escaped. One man however was cut by falling glass and another received a wound in his hand from a nail. It was nearly two hours before the flames were apparently extinguished, and then there was a small outbreak afterward for which a still alarm was sounded.

The house was completely gutted by flames and the loss will be large. There was some insurance on the building and the contents but it is not expected to cover the loss.

The cause of the fire is not positively known. Silverman had been in the house a short time before and had built up fires in the stoves. Then he had gone to meet his family whom he expected to come down from Providence, and upon his return he found the house in flames. With the help of neighbors he attempted to fight the fire but was losing headway when the alarm was struck. In spite of the heavy rain that was falling the flames burned through the roof and at times shot up into the air.

Secretary Klaasens Missing.

Quite a sensation was caused in Newport this week by the announcement of the fact that Mr. Hermanus Klaasens, secretary of the Building and Loan Association, and manager of the Clarence A. Hammett Company, was missing from the city, while a check for $4000 had been cashed and was unaccounted for. Mrs. Klaasens did not know of the whereabouts of her husband and was prostrated by his disappearance. The police and the bonding company were notified of the case and steps were at once taken to trace his movements.

Last Saturday Mr. Klaasens was at his place of business as usual. In the afternoon he started for Fall River to be gone a day or two, as he expressed it, and as Monday was a holiday his absence caused no comment until Tuesday. Then his wife became anxious because he did not return and some inquiries were made. The officers of the Building and Loan Association became aware of his disappearance and decided to look into the affairs of his office at once. A careful examination of the books showed that everything was all right with the exception of a check for $4000 which seemed to be missing. This check was one that had been drawn in connection with the transfer of a mortgage which the association was to take over from other parties. After the check was drawn it was endorsed by the payee and Mr. Klaasens secured the cash on it, which was not accounted for.

In order to set at rest the minds of the shareholders of the Association the directors announced that the value of shares were in no danger of being impaired. Klaasens was bonded as secretary for $3000, leaving a loss of only $1000 to fall on the Association and this is amply covered by more than $2000 in the guarantee fund and more than $7,000 in undivided profits, so there is no possibility of loss to shareholders.

The American Bonding Company, which was surety for Mr. Klaasens, was notified of the affair and Thursday a representative of the company came on to look into the case. He was in consultation with the officers of the Association and with the police and arrangements were made to send out a description of Klaasens to the police all over the country. The company will probably make good the amount for which Klaasens was bonded very shortly.

Klaasens had had a somewhat eventful career. He had been a sailor, a soldier, and had travelled over a large part of the world in various capacities. He spoke several languages and was regarded as an able and conscientious business man. He came to Newport as a soldier in the United States Army at Fort Adams and soon after serving out his term of enlistment he entered the employ of the late Clarence A. Hammett. Mr. Hammett had great confidence in him and taught him all the details of his business. When Mr. Hammett died he left his business to Mr. Klaasens and Miss Butler, who afterward had it incorporated under the name of the Clarence A. Hammett Co. Mr. Klaasens also succeeded Mr. Hammett as secretary of the Newport Co-operative Association for Saving and Building. He drew a good salary in that position and also the business of the Clarence A. Hammett Company was said to be flourishing, so that he did not lack for an adequate income to support himself properly. In fact as a business proposition the giving up of his business and his salaried office for the small sum of $4000 was a losing proposition.

There are many theories to account for his disappearance, but none of them seem reasonable. He had apparently made arrangements for his future in Newport, having been considering the building of a new house for himself. He had also placed an order for an automobile for early delivery. He was of a genial, companionable disposition and was very generally liked among his associates. He had a wide acquaintance in Newport, his duties as secretary of the Building and Loan Association bringing him into contact with all sorts and conditions of people. The news of his disappearance came as a great shock to many.

Mr. John P. Sanborn, who was operated upon for the removal of gall stones last week, is doing as well as could be expected. He has suffered no ill effects from the operation, and Dr. Darrah expresses himself as entirely satisfied with his condition thus far.

Recent Deaths.

Dr. William T. Bull.

Dr. William T. Bull died on Monday at Savannah, Georgia, where he had been staying for several weeks in the hope of benefiting his health. He had been suffering from cancer since early summer, and although he fully realized his condition and knew that the end could only be postponed for a short time, he fought bravely to the last and took every chance that would in any way benefit him. Finding that the climate in New York did not entirely agree with him he started South a few weeks ago, and it at first seemed that he was improving but a few days before his death there was a sudden change for the worse and death ensued quickly, being due to edema of the lungs.

Dr. and Mrs. Bull spent the summer as usual at their Newport residence, but on account of his failing health did not do much entertaining. They left Newport early and went to New York where he was attended by some of the leading physicians of the country, all of whom realized however that his case was entirely hopeless, a knowledge in which Dr. Bull shared from the first.

Dr. Bull was a member of the well known Bull family, which has been prominent in the history of Newport from its very beginning. He was a son of the late Henry and Henrietta S. Bull, and was born in Newport on May 18, 1840. He was graduated from Harvard in 1869, and obtained his degree of M. D. from the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York in 1872. His hospital service was at Bellevue and after surgical work there for a time he went abroad for a couple of years for further study, finally beginning his private practice in New York in 1875. From the beginning he made operative surgery his specialty and was associated with most of the important hospitals of New York at one time or another as staff physician or consulting surgeon. His progress in his profession was rapid. Never content to merely follow along the lines that others had mapped out, he went ahead and discovered for himself new ways to combat the ravages of disease. He was one of the first to operate for appendicitis, and many intricate operations were given to him after others had refused. He never hesitated when he saw that courage and skill were necessary to save life, nor did he urge the use of the knife except when he believed it to be absolutely necessary. His skill and nerve soon brought him fame, and it was not long before he reached the highest pinnacle in surgery. His services were in constant demand by the wealthiest persons in the land and he received ample remuneration for his services to them. Nevertheless he was as quick to respond to a call from a poor patient as from a wealthy one, and in thousands of cases his services were given absolutely without charge. More than once he came to Newport from New York especially to attend some case which had been brought to his attention, from which he did not receive even the expense of his journey.

Since his marriage Dr. Bull had been accustomed to spend his summers in Newport, occupying the old Bull estate, "Dudley Place," at the One Mile Corner. He was deeply interested in Newport affairs and in Newport institutions and had a host of friends here.

He was in reality a martyr to his profession. For many years he had made a special study of cancerous troubles, and had endeavored to discover a positive cure for that dread disease. In his work he came into contact with almost countless cases of that nature and it is supposed that from some of them the seeds of the cancer became implanted into his system. He had thought for a time, some years ago, that he had at last found a positive cure by inoculating the growth with the virus of erysipelas, but he soon found that he was mistaken. When stricken himself with the disease that he had fought so long in others he realized that he was marked for death.

Some years ago Dr. Bull married Mrs. Mary Nevins Blaine and by her he had one son, William T. Bull, 3rd. He also leaves three brothers, Messrs. Henry and Melville Bull of this city and Charles M. Bull of Brooklyn, and one sister, Mrs. Harriet Smythe of Philadelphia.

The body was brought on from the South immediately and funeral services were held in New York on Thursday. The remains were brought to Newport for interment, the funeral party arriving in a special car attached to the train that was due here at 9 o'clock. A brief service was held in the Belmont Memorial Chapel and the interment took place at the Island Cemetery.

Boatswain Sweeney.

Chief Boatswain Hugh Sweeney, U. S. N., died at the Naval Hospital in Chelsea on Saturday last after a long and painful illness. He had been suffering for several months and had been in the hospital for three months. It was fully realized that there was no hope of his recovery and the end was expected at any time.

Boatswain Sweeney started his maritime career as a boy in an English merchantman when only twelve years of age. He joined the American navy as a seaman some twenty-eight years ago and since that time had remained in the service, being regarded as a man of unusual ability and competence. He received his appointment as boatswain in 1899, and in 1904 was made chief boatswain. During a large part of his long service he was attached to the Naval Training Station here, largely on account of his special qualifications for that duty. His superior officers looked upon him as a man certain to be depended upon in an emergency, and the men under him had a profound respect for his ability and courage. One of the incidents in his career was his expedition in the Hist to go to the relief of a drifting lightship some years ago, when the weather was so severe that it was only due to his superior seamanship that the would-be rescuers were able to get back to port.

Mr. Sweeney had made Newport his home for a number of years, and had a wide acquaintance here. He is survived by a widow, one son and two daughters. He was a member of Coronet Council, Royal Arcanum, and of a lodge of Free Masons in Washington.

Funeral services were held on Tuesday afternoon, and were largely attended. The remains were escorted from his late residence on Gibbs avenue to the First Presbyterian Church, where the services were held, by a detachment of the apprentice seamen at the Training Station under Chief Boatswain Damon. The bearers were chief petty officers from the station, and the under bearers were apprentice seamen. A number of the officers from the Station attended the funeral.

The services at the church were of an impressive nature. Rev. N. J. Sproul, pastor of the church, officiated. The interment was in the Braman cemetery, where a volley was fired and taps was sounded.

J. William Higbee.

Mr. J. William Higbee died very suddenly at the residence of his brother, Mr. Edward W. Higbee, on Rhode Island avenue last Sunday afternoon. He had been in poor health for more than a year, and a few months ago was compelled to give up business and live quietly in retirement. His trouble was entirely with his nerves and although he had consulted with many specialists none of them could hold out any hope of relief. Some two years ago his wife died after a long illness and soon after that his own health began to fail. They had no children.

Mr. Higbee was born in Newport, N. H., but most of his active life had been spent in the vicinity of Boston. He was for a time engaged in the grocery business there but was afterward made New England manager for the Natural Food Company, holding that position until his health compelled him to resign.

Arthur B. Mumford.

Mr. Arthur B. Mumford, formerly a well known resident of Newport, died at the residence of his daughter in Fall River on Monday of diseases incident to old age. He had made his home in Fall River for some three years, his health having failed to such an extent that it was necessary to have constant care.

Mr. Mumford was one of a large family of children of the late Caleb Cory Mumford of Newport. He learned the trade of a tailor and for a time carried on an establishment of his own, afterward entering the employ of the late William C. Langley. He was also for a number of years engaged in the grocery business for himself on Spring street, retiring many years ago. He kept his home in Newport until about three years ago, but as his years advanced his health failed and he finally decided to make his home with his daughter, Mrs. Isaac Borden in Fall River. He was in his eighty-fourth year.

William H. Coffyn.

Mr. William H. Coffyn died at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. William A. Richardson, on Allan court, Monday evening, after a brief illness. He was born on the Island of Nantucket about seventy-two years ago, but had lived in Newport for about forty years. He was a carpenter and builder by trade and maintained a shop on Langley's wharf for a great many years. He is survived by a widow and one daughter, Mrs. Richardson.

Mr. John P. Peckham, assistant treasurer of the Newport Trust Company, fell on the steps of that institution on Thursday and broke his knee cap. He was removed to his residence in a carriage and the injured member was treated by a physician. He will probably be confined to his house for some time.

Wedding Bells.

Langelier-Ehrhardt.

Miss Louise Marie Ehrhardt, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Ehrhardt, Jr., and Mr. Frank Langelier were married at St. Mary's rectory last Sunday afternoon, Rev. William B. Meenan officiating. The ceremony was witnessed by a small number of people. The bride wore a tailor made travelling suit of blue broadcloth and a large picture hat. She was attended by her sister, Miss Anna B. Ehrhardt, and Mr. Patrick Francis McKeown acted as the best man.

A reception and wedding supper followed at the home of the bride's parents, on Thames street, where friends gathered to offer congratulations. The bride received many useful and pretty gifts.

Mr. and Mrs. Langelier left in the evening via Fall River line, for New York on their wedding trip.

Hale-Simpson.

Miss Caroline Brewer Simpson, daughter of Mrs. Emma L. Simpson, and Mr. Frank Stewart Hale, were united in marriage at Emmanuel Church on Tuesday evening, in the presence of a large number of relatives and friends. The ceremony was performed by Rev. E. H. Porter, rector of the church. The bride was attractively gowned in white embroidered net, with trimmings of white ribbon, and a transparent yoke. She was escorted to the altar by her brother-in-law, Mr. William Power, who gave her away. She was attended by her sister, Miss Emma Simpson, as maid of honor, and Miss Mildred Hale was the flower girl. The groom was attended by Mr. Robert Gash as best man, and the ushers were Messrs. Edmund Boone, DeLoss Scott, Maurice Hale, and LeRoy Greason.

A wedding reception followed at the home of the bride on Lincoln street, after which Mr. and Mrs. Hale left for their wedding trip.

Peckham-Underwood.

Miss Grace R. Underwood and Mr Benjamin A. G. Peckham were married at Emmanuel rectory Sunday afternoon, Rev. Emery H. Porter, D. D., officiating. The bride wore a dress of dark blue with a picture hat and carried a bouquet of lilies of the valley. There were no attendants, the wedding being a very quiet affair.

Mr. and Mrs. Peckham left later in the day for Providence on their wedding trip and on their return will reside at 18 Poplar street.

Among the Newporters who will attend the inauguration of President Taft in Washington next week are Congressman-elect William Paine Sheffield, Colonel Edward A. Sherman, Mr. and Mrs. Wulf Petersen, Mr. Charles Schoenemun and son, Mr. Joseph Galzweiler, Mr. and Mrs. Richardson, Mr. William T. Libby and son. The Newport Naval Reserves will go in a body.

Mrs. Thomas Livingston, who has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Hass, will return to New York to-day.

Mr. William R. Hunter of Middletown received painful injuries by slipping on the floor at his home in Middletown a few days ago.

Mr. W. F. Williamson is able to be out after his recent illness. He was operated upon by Dr. Darrah for removal of a carbuncle.

Mrs. S. B. Williams of Boston is visiting her son, Mr. James W. Williams.

William Ellery Chapter.

The anniversary of the birth of George Washington was fittingly observed by the members of William Ellery Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, by an entertainment at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. John Jenckes on Washington street. The house was attractively decorated with patriotic colors. There was a pleasing entertainment consisting of living pictures showing portraits from the "family album," which was very effective. Afterward a collation was served.

The characters in the "album" were portrayed as follows: "My Mother," Mrs. Edmund J. Tanner; "My Father," Miss Elizabeth B. Smith; "Me," Miss Lulu A. Goffe; "My Husband, Eben Pease," Mrs. John A. Young; "Mrs. Almira Pease, a Bride," Mrs. Lawrence A. Goffe; "Twins, Angelina and Adelina," Mrs. Philip Stevens and Mrs. William E. Stanhope; "The Parson Who Married Eben and Almira," Mrs. Harvey J. Lockrow; "The Parson's Wife," Mrs. David T. Pinniger; "The Parson's Boy," Miss Alice Jenckes; "Sister Jane," Miss Jennie Davis; "Sister Jane's Husband, Jabez Biggs," Mrs. George H. Bryant; "Sister Jane's Eldest Daughter, Sophia, a Poetess," Mrs. Norman Whitney; "Sister Jane's Youngest Daughter, Ann Eliza," Miss Helen Thompson; "The Village Beauty, Lucila Smith," Miss Etta M. Peckham; "Grandpa' Hobbs or Squire Hobbs," Miss Elizabeth B. Smith.

Lady Betty Across the Water

By C. N. & A. M. WILLIAMSON

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Chapter II

AND now I have come to the great affair.

It is the day after, and I have been scribbling down in a hurry all the things that happened to me in Newport meanwhile, for somehow most things have seemed to lead up to that.

I knew no more than anybody outside about the mystery of the maze and Aladdin's cave. The secret was wonderfully kept, although there was a constant undertone of excitement running through the house for days beforehand, and an army of workmen were busy in "the grounds," as everyone calls them, first putting up a gigantic marquee and then working inside it. One man told Mrs. Ess Kay that he had been offered a hundred dollars by a New York newspaper to tell what was the nature of his work at the Moorings, but either the bribe wasn't enough or else he was impeccable.

All under the house runs a great cellar. I knew this from the first, because one broiling hot day soon after I came Sally took me down to get cool after I had dressed for somebody's "at home" and looked like a freshly boiled lobster. It's a series of rooms, perfectly ventilated, with rough walls and cemented floors. One of the rooms is of enormous size, and there are stone pillars dotted about here and there for supports. There is one other that is rather large, but the rest are small. One is used as if it were an icehouse. There are others for wine, and there are some storerooms. For a

A young woman in white, crystal gazing as hard as she could.

week before the great affair men were working down there all day and toward the last far into the night. Big boxes and bales were lugged downstairs and didn't come up again. Not a hint went around of what was going on, but I was sure that Aladdin's cave was in mysterious process of manufacture.

There seemed quite a pressure on the atmosphere for days at the Moorings, except in Sally Woodburn's rooms, for I've noticed that she is never excited by social events. They seem of little real importance to her, I suppose, compared with the past, which she has always in her thoughts. When I was with her I felt calmer, but with others or when I was alone (which seldom happened for more than ten minutes at a stretch) I was as much excited as anybody. Partly it may have been the effect of climate, for the air in America certainly does make you feel always as if something wonderful was going to happen to you around the next corner, and partly it was the effect of Potter.

Potter was most disturbing—and is still, for that matter. He has the air of feeling that he, and he alone, has a right to me, and it's quite a lesson in tact keeping the peace between him and other men who feel it their Christian duty to be a little nice to a young foreigner.

But I am thinking now of the time before the great affair. It really was a strain wondering what it would be like and whether it would be a grand success or whether it would fall short of all the brilliant expectations when the mystery would be revealed.

At last the night came. The invitations were for 10 o'clock, and people could not resist the temptation to come soon after the hour and begin. Mrs. Ess Kay stood in the early English drawing room (that's the style it's furnished in, or she believes it is) receiving without a mask and dressed to represent Queen Margaret of Navarre, from whom she says that she is descended. She had another dress to put on afterward, so that none of the guests would recognize her and she could have fun with the rest, but no one knew about that except Sally and Potter and me.

We others didn't appear at first, because we had no costumes to change with, but by and by, when a lot of people had arrived, we mingled with them.

As soon as any one came in Mrs. Ess Kay would say, "How do you do, my Lord of Leicester, or my noble George Washington," or whatever the person might be trying to be. "So glad to see you. You must go and have a look at the maze. Do you know how to find it? Just through that curtain. You can't miss the way."

Then the gorgeous masker would cross the hall and disappear behind a great curtain of tapestry that covered an open doorway leading to the garden. But he hadn't to go out of doors. A canvas covered, winding passage took him to the vast marquee, which was, of course, the maze. But why it was the maze and what happened to you in the maze after you had got in I didn't know any more than the outsiders. That was the fun of it for me, of course, and it really was fun.

Sally had only taken enough pains about her dress to save annoying Mrs. Ess Kay. She was a White Carmelite, with a veil over her face instead of a mask. But Potter had made a tremendous fuss about himself. He was Flame, which he said was appropriate in the circumstances, as he had got so used to playing Fire to my Frost he felt quite at home in the character. And he was very magnificent. He had designed the costume himself, for he fancies himself at that sort of thing, and my white sparkling robes and his scarlet satin and carbuncle embroidery and copper and gold fringes did look rather effective side by side.

He made that an excuse for insisting that I should go with him into the maze, although a tall Hamlet and a Henry V. of England both wanted to take me.

Potter whisked me away from them somehow, and we passed under the tapestry curtains while one of the two Hungarian bands Mrs. Ess Kay had hired played a waltz which made me long to dance.

"This way to the maze; this way to the maze," a man dressed like a beefeater was continually saying. He stood just outside the door, in a kind of canvas vestibule lined with greenery, so that it looked like the entrance to a bower.

The passage to the marquee had been made so beautiful that I couldn't help crying out to Potter with admiration. Not an inch of the canvas showed, for we walked through a sort of tunnel of roses all lit up with invisible electric lights. It was like the way to fairyland, and the floor was covered with a mat of artificial grass, like they have for stage lawns, Potter said.

I thought when we came to the end of the rose tunnel we should find ourselves in a big open space in the marquee, but when the tunnel stopped we were in a narrow alley between tall green bushes, set so thickly and so close together that we couldn't see what was on the other side. Above us, instead of the canvas roof of the marquee (which must have been over all), a violet mist seemed to float, with a very faint, soft light filtering through it, like blue moonlight. I suppose it must have been ever and ever so many thicknesses of blue gauze, with shaded lights hanging above, but the effect was mysterious and alluring.

We had only gone a little way when we arrived at a tiny house built apparently of red flowers, and there was a red light coming out of the one little window. "The Witch of the Woods Lives Here," said a card on the door.

We pushed, and inside was a room with a young woman in white, crystal gazing as hard as she could. She had also a velvet cushion on which you laid your hand, and she told your character and your fortune. Some people in historical dress were ready to come out just as we were going in, and one of them said: "It's Miss Cortelyn. Mrs. Stuyvesant-Knox must have given her at least $500 or she wouldn't have come a step."

We had our hands done, and the Witch of the Woods told me that I had come from "across the water," but that I would marry a man on this side, and then she saw some one in the crystal who looked so exactly like Potter Parker that I wished I had stopped outside her red house.

After this we kept losing ourselves in different green walled paths and suddenly coming on booths where variety entertainments were going on or funny cardboard pagodas, where celebrated Japanese artists did your portrait in five minutes on rice paper, or silk tents with conjuring shows. And there was a place where you fished in a small, round pond with magnets and caught little metal frogs with jewels in their heads, which you picked out. Farther on was a miniature eastern bazaar, where girls in gauze danced while you drank Turkish coffee and pushed spoonfuls of sherbet under the lace on your mask. And there was a cinematograph entertainment of a bullfight, which I wouldn't look at, and some martyrs being reluctantly eaten by lions, and Otero dancing.

All the masked people we met were enjoying themselves very much and saying this was the best thing for years. And it really was fun. But at last I thought we must have seen it all, and I wanted to go out. Besides, I was tired of being with Potter, who would be sentimental, though I begged him not.

"How do you propose to escape?" he asked. "This is a maze. The proper dodge in a maze is to be lost, and I am lost. So are you. We're lost together."

"But I want to be found now," said I. "We've been lost long enough. There are lots of other things to do."

"And there's all night to do them in," said Potter. "I dare say we shall be lost for an hour or so yet. We've been wandering around from one path to another, and we've never seen the same thing twice, so perhaps there's a lot more to explore."

"You must know," I said, "it wasn't kept a secret from you as it was from me. You must have been through this maze heaps of times, and of course you know the way out."

"If I did I've forgotten it," Potter coolly remarked. Then he changed his tone. "You make me forget everything, Betty—everything but yourself."

"You're not to call me Betty!" I said crossly, for I was tired of having conversations like that. And I thought that I would be having much more fun with some one else, for what is the good of wearing a mask if you are only to talk with people you know?

"There's something else I'd a great deal sooner call you," he half whispered. "Come into this little dell where the fountain is and the orange trees, and let me tell you."

"I don't want to know," I said.

"Yes, you do. Come along, anyhow, and I'll pick you an orange. Perhaps there'll be something nice inside it, like there was in the load's head."

I wasn't to be bribed in that way, but he took hold of my hand and pulled, so that I had to go with him unless I wished to resist and be silly. Several people were coming toward us around the twist of the path, and one tall man ahead of the others, dressed very plainly like a Puritan, was looking hard at us. Rather than make a scene I went quietly with Potter, but as soon as he had whisked me into the little dell with the orange trees and the fountain, he pushed one of the trees and it moved forward in a groove, so as to block up the entrance and hide the dell from any one who walked along the path.

"That's not a bad trick, is it?" said he. "I had that arranged on purpose."

"On purpose for what?" I was silly enough to ask.

"To bring you here and get you to myself. This is Betty's bower, but nobody knows it except you and me."

With that he pulled off his mask and made as if he would help me to do the same with mine, but I stepped back and almost tumbled over into the fountain. Perhaps I would if he hadn't caught me round the waist, but instead of letting go when he had stomified me on my feet he drew me closer to him. I gave a twist and a little angry cry, and just then, to my joy, some one from outside pushed the orange tree back in its groove so as to leave an opening again.

I darted out and caught a glimpse of the tall Puritan man, who was apparently engaged in pulling the tree forward so as to close the gap and shut Potter in.

It was so quick that I hardly had time to understand whether it was being done for my sake or not, but I didn't stop to think; I simply ran. I met harlequins and queens, kings and columbines hunting in couples (the green alleys were only broad enough for two), but I pushed by them and went flitting down path after path, though voices called after me and people pretended to shiver with cold as Frost passed.

Then, suddenly, "I think this is a way out," said a voice I knew, speaking just behind me. It was the voice of my brown man. I could have recognized it among thousands. But when I looked it was the tall figure of the gray Puritan who had helped me to get away from Potter Parker.

I didn't answer a word, not even to say "Thank you," or "Is this really you, Mr. Brett?" I just went in the direction he said, and in another minute I was out under the Italian pergola, draped with roses and wistaria, that runs for a long way overlooking the sea. Then I glanced over my shoulder, and he was there, but hesitating as if he hadn't decided whether to come with us or go back.

When I saw this I did stop and mumble in a low voice, "It is you, isn't it, Mr. Brett?"

"Yes," he answered. "I hope you forgive me."

"Oh, I thank you," said I. "I—wanted to come away. But how did you know that—and how did you know me?"

"I couldn't help seeing that you were being pretty well forced to do something you didn't want to do," he replied, coming a few steps nearer, and there seemed to be nobody under the pergola except just us two. "I don't suppose I had any right to be angry at seeing that happen, but I was. So I did what I did on the spur of the moment. As for recognizing you—I—well, you're rather tall, you know, and have a way of holding your head that—that isn't easily forgotten."

"I'm sorry I'm so badly disguised," I said, laughing. "But I'm glad you knew me. I'm so glad, too, that I'm out here. I began to have—quite a stifled feeling. How lovely it is in this pergola, isn't it? Do you think we might walk for a few minutes—and get cool?"

"May I walk with you?" he asked in a humble sort of way that gave me a funny little pain in my heart.

"Please do," I said quickly, and as cordially as I could—far more cordially than I would have spoken to any man in Mrs. Ess Kay's set. "It's nice to see you here tonight."

"You must be very much surprised." I had said "Yes" before I stopped to think, and then I was sorry because it showed that I was thinking he did not belong in such a scene as this. But it was too late to go back, so I went on instead. "It's a good surprise."

"It's more than kind of you not quite to have forgotten a waif like me," he said.

"I shall never forget you," said I. "Why, of course, I couldn't." And I noticed that my voice sounded quite earnest, just as I felt, but I wasn't sure that I ought to let him know—even if he was poor and unlucky—that I did feel so sincerely about it. "There's Vivace, you know, for one reason."

"What about Vivace?"

"Oh, you needn't pretend, because I was sure you gave him to me, and I wanted so much to write to that club and thank you, only I thought as you had put no name, perhaps I'd better not. I must tell you now, though, I can't think how you came to be so kind."

"It was one of the greatest pleasures I have ever had. You were kind not to be offended with me. I didn't mean to take a liberty. I thought you would like the little chap."

"I love him dearly. Often I should have been dreadfully homesick if it hadn't been for him. He always seems to understand if I feel gloomy, and he does his dear little bristled best to cheer me up."

"Vivace is a lucky and happy dog."

"But don't you miss him?"

"No. For I like to think that you have him. You see, you were very kind to me when I was in a hard position and a good deal down on my luck. There was nothing I could do to show how I appreciated it—until I thought of Vivace. It was our little talk on the dock about 'finding a lost dog' that put the idea into my head."

"I guessed as much," said I, laughing. "It was that made me sure at once who it was I had to thank for Vivace. And—I was glad he had been yours. After what I'd seen you do on board ship, you know, I—I honored

"Come into this little dell where the fountain is."

you. And I feel proud to think that—we are friends."

"You think of me as your friend?" he asked in a voice that showed he was glad or excited or something that wasn't quite calm.

"Indeed, I do think of you so," I assured him. "And you've proved your friendship for me three times—once on the dock, once by giving up dear Vivace for me and now again tonight when you came to my rescue. I was—really bored to there, you know. And people seem to give themselves so much liberty in—in their jokes when they're masked."

"I have to thank the masks for being at Mrs. Stuyvesant-Knox's house tonight," said Jim Brett. "You must be wondering how they let me in, considering that, on account of the masks, everybody had to show their invitation cards at the gates. I had mine all right. But—there are such things as newspaper reporters, as you know to your sorrow. I don't say I am here in that capacity, but I leave you to draw your own conclusions."

"What fun!" I exclaimed.

"It is fun now. It had no right to dare, but I did dare to hope that I might have a glimpse of you. I was sure that I should recognize you."

"If I'd dreamed of your being here, I should have recognized you," I said. "You're taller than any other man here, I think."

"Men grow tall in the west, where I come from."

"And strong."

"Yes, and strong, too—thank God."

"And brave."

"Men are brave all the world over."

"I should think there are none braver than you, Mr. Brett," I said.

"It's glorious for a man like me to hear such kind words from a girl like you, though I don't deserve them," he answered. "But I shall try to deserve them. All my life I shall be better for having heard them from your lips. You can hardly guess what it is to me. Perhaps the thing that comes nearest to it would be if a prisoner for life in some dark pit heard a voice of sympathy speaking to him—actually to him—from a high white star."

"Oh, don't speak of yourself as a prisoner in the dark!" I cried.

"What else am I, when I stop to reflect how hopelessly I must be removed by circumstances from glorious heights—where stars shine."

"But there can be nothing in your circumstances, Mr. Brett," I insisted eagerly, "which need remove you from any heights. I wonder you—so brave and strong, and an American, too—can say that of yourself. Why, you can reach anything, do anything you really wish, if you just want it enough."

"Do you, an English girl, a daughter of the aristocracy, tell me that?" he asked.

"I do. As if that makes any difference—any real, true difference, I mean, when it comes to the heart of things. Oh, I've been thinking of such matters

Some one pushed the orange tree back.

a great deal lately—I suppose because I'm among Americans. It must be that which has put the subject so much in my head."

"Tell me what you have been thinking."

"Oh, I can hardly tell. But for one thing, I've begun to see that a man—a man like you, for instance, Mr. Brett—oughtn't to call himself unlucky because he's poor, and has perhaps not been able to have as many advantages as richer men. He ought slowly to feel that he has it in him to make himself equal in every way with the highest."

"You mean, he can 'hustle,' as the saying is with us, and get rich, so as to stand on an equality with millionaires?"

"No; it wasn't money I was thinking about. I've met a good many millionaires since I've been here, but I've seen none whom you need look upon as your superior. What I mean is that you've only to be ambitious enough, and not feel that you're handicapped by your start, to attain to what you want in life—yes, whatever it may be."

"You mean all this, Lady Betty?" he asked quickly. "You have as much faith as that in me?"

"Yes," I answered, and the stars and sea seemed to sing with my thoughts. I felt uplifted, somehow. It was a wonderful sensation, which it would be impossible to describe. But I had an exciting impression that Jim Brett shared it. The music of the Hungarian band flowed out from the house and beat in my blood. His voice sounded as if it beat in his too.

"You can't dream what my ambitions are or maybe you wouldn't say that."

"I am sure they would only be noble ones."

"It's true, they are noble. Yet you might not approve. But they're part of my life. I couldn't give them up now and live."

"I should like to hear about them," I said, almost more to myself than to him.

"Some day, if we meet again—and I mean we shall, since you have called me friend—perhaps you will let me tell you about them. I shall ask you to listen—but not now; I daren't now. The time hasn't come. Only promise this, Lady Betty, that you won't forget me that you'll think of me kindly sometimes."

"I do think of you very often," I said, "and talk about you to Vivace. Poor little Vivace. He doesn't forget. How he did whimper when I had to drag him away from you that day in the wistaria arbor at Central park. This isn't unlike that arbor, is it? There's wistaria here too. I believe I shall always think of that day when I see wistaria. It is odd we should meet again next time in a place so much the same—and just as unexpectedly."

"Just as unexpectedly," echoed Mr. Brett in an odd, thoughtful tone. "It's wonderful that we should meet at all considering everything." Then he laughed, rather bitterly, I thought. "Aren't you afraid of me, Lady Betty, after your experience of journalists—since I've half hinted to you I may be acting in that capacity tonight?"

"Afraid of you?" I repeated, laughing. "As if I could be. I would trust you in everything."

As I said that a lot of people came out of the maze in the marquee by the exit Mr. Brett had found for me. They streamed into the dimly lighted pergola in their fantastic costumes, laughing and talking, and the beautiful peace of the blue night—broken only by the throb of distant music—was gone completely.

I had thought of taking off my mask, but I was glad now that I'd kept it on.

They came toward us, all in great spirits, having a game of "follow my leader," and their leader, a Chinese mandarin, was offering to guide them to the Cave of Aladdin. I was glad that the Flame wasn't in the gay procession. Evidently he had missed me and gone some other way, or else he was too angry to wish to find me again.

The crowd stopped to speak to us, making jokes in disguised voices. Some of the things they said made me feel that it would be uncomfortable to linger behind with the Puritan when they had passed on.

"Let's join them, shall we?" I asked. "They're going to Aladdin's cave. Wouldn't you like to see it?"

"Yes," he said. And we followed the wild party at a discreet distance.

We went into the house again by a roundabout way, and it wasn't until

We followed the wild party.

we were in the big hall that we learned just how Aladdin's cave was to be found. On a background of dark red flowers made into a great shield and hung over a door glittered and scintillated three words in electric light, "To Aladdin's Cave." The letters had been lighted up only since I had been gone, for I suppose the idea was to make everyone go into the maze first.

We had to pass through several rooms and corridors, all of which had been emptied of furniture and lined with canvas scenery cleverly painted to illustrate events in the story of Aladdin. Everything was shown up to the time that Aladdin went down into the cave at the bidding of the magician disguised as his uncle, and then came the entrance of the cave itself, which was done in imitation rock work. But I knew that it was the way down to the cellar. Either the stairs had been removed or else covered up with a theatrical kind of embankment that made a winding path twisting back and forth under a roof of the imitation rock and sloping al-

CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE.)

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LADY BETTY ACROSS THE WATER.

CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.

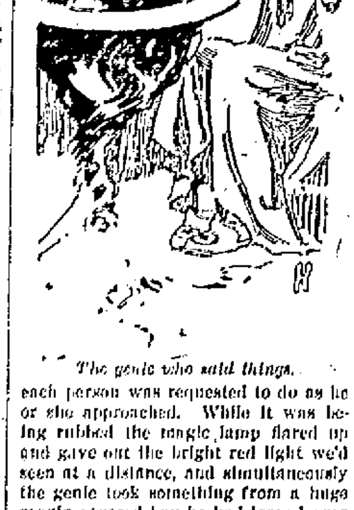
ways downward. At the bottom was a screen of spun glass made to look like a falling cataract of bright water, and until you had passed out from behind it you saw nothing except a glow of rosy light filtering through the transparent glass. But when you did come out, unless you were a stick or a stone, you couldn't resist giving an "Oh!" of surprised admiration.

The whole cellar—at least all of it that was left visible—had been turned into a fairy cave of jewels. The walls and ceiling looked like rocks studded with blazing rubies and flashing diamonds. The rough pillars which supported the floor of the house above were great sparkling stalactites and stalagmites. The cemented floor was covered with sand that glittered like diamond dust, and there were fruit trees and rosebushes, rows of tall hollyhocks and beds of tulips, all apparently made of illuminated jewels, something like the transformation scene in a pantomime they once took me to see, only a hundred times prettier.

At the far end of the cave a bright red light kept coming and going, but I couldn't see by what it was made, because of the laughing crowd collected around it. We went nearer, and as others moved away we took their places, so that at last we saw what caused the light and made the great attraction for the people.

It was a giant lamp of a strange shape, standing up to the height of four or five feet from the floor on a pedestal, and behind it stood the genie, a fearful and wonderful apparition who said things in a deep bass voice which made everybody shout with laughter. "It's Fred Kane, the great funny man," said somebody.

The genie's witticisms came whenever any one rubbed the lamp, which



The genie who said things.

each person was requested to do as he or she approached. While it was being rubbed the magic lamp flared up and gave out the bright red light we'd seen at a distance, and simultaneously the genie took something from a huge sequin covered bag he had looped over one of his arms. If the person who rubbed the lamp was a man, he dipped into the left hand bag, if a woman he dived into the right hand one. Each time a beautiful trinket came out and was presented with a low bow and an excruciatingly funny speech, suitable to the character which the person had undertaken for the evening. His wit never failed.

Mr. Brett and I went up together. The genie crossed arms and grabbed something for us out of both his bags at the same time. Then, by mistake, he gave me the thing from the left hand bag and Mr. Brett the one from the right. We walked away to let others have their chance, looking at the presents we had got. It was funny—they both happened to be rings.

Mine was twisted bands of platinum and gold, forming a knot to hold a cabochon sapphire. His was a thin setting of seven stones set in a straight row—diamond, emerald, amethyst, ruby, emerald, sapphire, topaz.

"Yours is meant for a woman and mine for a man," I said. "He got them out of the wrong bags. But they're both pretty and so queer."

"Will you—shall we change?" he asked.

"Oh, I didn't mean to suggest that," I hurried to say. "I can give mine to my brother when I go home. And you—there must be some one"—

"I've no sister, and there's no one else," said Mr. Brett. "Do have it. You see, I couldn't get it on my little finger. And won't you keep the big one too? It isn't as if I were like Mrs. Stuyvesant-Knox's other guests"—

I couldn't bear to hear him say that, so I broke in and insisted that he should have the ring. "She would want you to have it, of course, if she knew," I said. "And, besides, I want you to, which is something."

"It's everything," he answered.

Then we changed rings, and I told him I hoped his would bring him luck, glorious luck.

"Do you wish it may give me what I want most in the world?" he asked, and I said that I did.

"What do you wish mine may give me?" I went on.

"What do you want most—great wealth?" he questioned me.

I shook my head.

"To have the world at your feet?"

"I shouldn't know what to do with it."

"To have the one you love best on earth love you?"

"I should have to stop and think which one it is."

"Then I wish that you may love the one who loves you best on earth and more than all the world."

Just as I was looking up, surprised at his tone more than his words, there came a burst of music, and part of the wall, with the platform on which the genie and his lamp had been standing, rolled away. The other big room of the cellar was revealed, with quantities of little tables all laid out for supper and the walls covered with smilax and roses. In the middle of this new room was a huge illuminated ship of ice in a green sea.

Everybody exclaimed and laughed at their surprise at such an unexpected transformation. Now was the time for unmasking, of course, and there were shrieks of surprise and amusement as people discovered who their companions really were. For a minute I'm sure it couldn't have been more—I forgot Mr. Brett to stare at the great glittering ice ship. When I turned to speak to him he was gone. And whether he vanished on purpose because he didn't want to unmask in a company of strange people or whether he was separated from me by the sudden press of the crowd I don't know. I suppose I shall never know. I only know that I lost him and that I was immediately surrounded by other men, saying nice things about my costume, wanting me to have supper with them and asking me for dances afterward.

The rest of the night went by with a wild rush. We didn't stop dancing till 4, we young people, and I believe the older ones played bridge. We had a second supper served upstairs toward dawn, and when the last people went away it was broad and glorious daylight.

"Well, dear," said Sally cozily when every one had gone and she had come into my room to help me undress, "had you a good time?"

"Splendid!" said I, sighing with joy. "I'm dancing still in my head. My first ball!"

"Katharine doesn't call it a ball. But that's a detail. Had you any proposals?"

"Oh, Sally, how came you to think of such a thing? But isn't it too extraordinary? I had three."

"Why extraordinary?"

"Because I hardly knew the men!"

"Americans make up their minds quickly about what they want."

"So Mr. P— So I've been told."

"Accept any one?"

"Not I."

"Didn't even give them a wee mite of hope?"

"Dear me, no."

"Poor Potter—for one."

"Sally, I do wish he wouldn't—do that sort of thing, since you speak of it. It makes it so embarrassing. And somehow I don't feel he really means it. I've always the impression that—that he does it because he thinks he ought."

"He'd like to marry you, Betty. There's no doubt of that, and one can't blame him for it."

"Well, if he keeps on I shall be driven away," I said, "although they don't want me to go home yet for—for several reasons. I don't want to go either. I'm having a wonderful experience. But"—

"Haven't you met any man you could imagine yourself caring for, dear? Or perhaps you don't fancy Americans."

"Oh, I do!" I exclaimed. "They're all great fun. And one—one man I've met I think superior to any other I ever knew. But, then, I've known so few, and I don't know him well. You needn't look at me like that. It isn't a romance, you dear. I'm most unlikely to know him any better ever. He—isn't like the rest. He isn't like anybody else I ever saw."

"Now," said Sally coaxingly, "you might tell me if he's one of the three who proposed."

"Indeed, he isn't, and he never will. Why, Sally, I don't mind telling you I mean that Mr. Brett who was on the ship and whom we met afterward accidentally in the park. He is rather wonderful considering his station, isn't he?"

"He'd be rather wonderful in any station. That's my theory about him."

"I think it's mine too. He was here tonight—as a newspaper reporter, he hinted, though he didn't exactly say he was in so many words. Did he talk to you?"

"Yes," said Sally. "Indirectly I got him his chance to come."

"I gave him good advice," said I, laughing—"all about his future and ambition and things like that. I hope he'll take it."

"He'll probably try all he knows. Did he thank you prettily?"

"I'm not sure whether he thanked me at all. But he gave me this ring and wished me luck with it. It was the genie's present to him in Aladdin's cave. I changed with him for the one I had. But this is much prettier. Look."

"D-E-A-R-E-S-T, Dearest," Sally spelled out as she held the third finger of my right hand, on which I'd slipped the ring.

"Where do you find that?" I asked quickly.

"Don't you know? Why, the stones spell it—diamond, emerald, amethyst, ruby, emerald, sapphire, topaz."

I felt my cheeks burn when she gave me this explanation.

I wonder if Mr. Brett knew!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DOLPHINS.

The Species That Play Around the Shores of Brittany.

Dolphin hunting as a sport is old to the Malouins, the inhabitants of St. Malo. Several species of dolphins are to be met with near the shores of Brittany. The largest is known to science as Delphinus delphis and differs from other varieties by its long jaws, very like the beak of a big bird, and armed with about sixty teeth as hard and sharp as steel. Its length may reach nine feet, and it weighs from 300 to 400 pounds. A swift swimmer, it preys on the schools of herrings, following them right up to the Scottish waters. In spite of its greed it is noted for its mild temper and frequently amuses itself by playing around ships in the open sea. Then there is the Delphinus tursio, or souffleur. This is smaller, and its beak is shorter, though armed with strong, powerful teeth that enable it to attack a big fish, pinning it down to the rocks with such force that its nose is often deeply marked with numerous cuts. This dolphin hates the very sight of a ship and never comes close to one. Finally there is the porpoise, or marcouin, the smallest species of the genus. Much sport may be obtained by hunting these various dolphins.—Wide World Magazine.

HOLLAND HOUSE.

One of England's Picturesque and Historic Mansions.

Few mansions in or near London are more picturesque in their surroundings or more interesting from their associations with the past than Holland House. The domain in which it stands is a perfect rus in urbe—a green oasis in a wilderness of bricks and mortar. When you pass from the noisy traffic of Kensington road and enter the great gates there is a transformation scene. In a few paces London has disappeared, and you find yourself all at once in the heart of the country. You might be in the forest of Arden, a hundred miles from Piccadilly—lawns shaded by noble cedar trees, woodland glades, a green lane with over arching boughs, and further on terraced walks, the stone balustrades and the formal parterre of the Dutch garden. The house itself has a long, irregular frontage, a fantastic medley of turrets, gables, arcades and oriel windows. The series of sitting rooms on the first floor are warm, comfortable and homelike and filled with a priceless collection of family portraits and heirlooms. No wonder that Charles Fox was devoted to the place where he had passed a careless and happy boyhood and in his last illness drove over from Chiswick to view once more the familiar scenes, which he regarded with a special tenderness and affection. Naturally his memory is cherished here, and he is still to some extent the tutelary genius of the place. There is a statue of him at the end of the avenue in the park; there is a bust of him by Nollekens in the entrance hall; there is a characteristic note in his handwriting on the back of a miniature of Robespierre—un scelerat, un lache, et un fou in rascal, a coward and a fool—and there is a picture of him by Sir Joshua as a youth with two charming damsels, one of whom made a romantic marriage with an actor, while the other refused the hand of a king and lived to become the mother of the heroic Napiers. Almost every room has its tradition. In fact, wherever you tread "a history is beneath your feet."—Blackwood's.

DUELING IN ITALY.

How the Count of Turin Came to Fight Prince Henry of Orleans.

The greatest duel of modern days in Italy was that between the Count of Turin and Prince Henry of Orleans. It came about in a curious manner. Prince Henry had insulted the Italian army after the battle of Adowa and one day received a telegraphic challenge to a duel signed "Victor Emmanuel." The challenge was accepted, and thus Crispi, who was prime minister, came to know of the crown prince's impulsive action and interfered. "But," said King Humbert, his father, "how can it be stopped? Our honor is now involved." Crispi thought a moment and then exclaimed: "I have it! The Count of Turin is Victor Emmanuel also!" And thus he was the one who fought.

This was followed by one of those genial practical jokes which convulsed Europe. France at that time hated Italy and never lost an opportunity to sneer at her. It must be explained that in Rome there was always at carnival time a characteristic figure of a little old man with an immense sword riding a donkey, who was a caricature of the age of chivalry and was called "General Mannaggia la Rocca."

One day in the French papers appeared an imposing announcement that General Mannaggia la Rocca threw his glove at the feet of the entire French nation and cast their base insinuations in their teeth, inviting any or all to mortal fight. Replies were not long in coming, one of which was from a noted fencer and duelist of his day, M. Tomegueux, appointing his seconds and announcing their arrival in Rome. France was on the qui vive, from government personages to the humble bargee, and when the trick played upon them was discovered all Europe shrieked with laughter, and France the loudest of all.—Pall Mall Gazette.

England's National Anthem.

There is a fourth verse of the national anthem with which very few Englishmen indeed are familiar. But it was given, apparently in all good faith, in an old Hanoverian musical work, and the daring of the last rhyme almost reconciles one to the shocking character of the sentiment:

> God save great George, our king!
> Long live our noble king!
> God save the king!—
> Send us roast beef a store.
> If it's gone, send us more,
> And the key of the cellar door,
> That we may drink.

—London Chronicle.

Bright Pupils.

"You have two very bright pupils, Miss Winsome," remarked Mr. Sweetly to the schoolma'am.

"Which ones do you mean, Mr. Sweetly?"

"Why, those in your eyes, to be sure."—Pathfinder.

A Righteous Judge.

One Sunday morning a minister's wife saw her son chasing the hens with a stick. She went to the door to investigate and heard him say, "I'll teach you to lay eggs in a minister's family on Sunday morning!"—Delineator.

The Growlers.

Stage Manager—I wish we could work in a few more realistic touches in this woodland scene. Now, how would it be to have some one growl like a bear? Author—The very thing! We'll call in the critics.—Kansas City Independent.

Great Expression.

"They tell me, Grimley, that your daughter sings with great expression."

"Greatest expression you ever saw. Her own mother can't recognize her face when she's singing."—Home Herald.

Know thyself and your own place in the universe about you. Fear no phantoms, but face realities.—Grant Allen.

GIFTED LUNATICS.

One Faculty Strongly Developed In Many Insane Persons.

One of the most peculiar features of insanity is that occasionally one faculty, either sight, hearing, smell, taste or touch, is extraordinarily acute. Certain insane persons, insensible to every other impression, have a pronounced taste for music and can repeat with accuracy an air which they may have heard but once. Others have a recollection of form and color and display an aptitude for drawing, while more frequently one may meet with an inmate of an asylum who has a special memory for figures, dates, proper names and words generally.

There is a case on record, for instance, of an imbecile who at twenty-seven had such an extraordinary memory that he could solve the most difficult problems in arithmetic and algebra and repeat word for word long poems after once hearing them. In another case a boy of fourteen, with a defective brain, who had the greatest difficulty in learning to read, could, if allowed two or three minutes to run over a page printed in a foreign language or treating of questions of which he was ignorant, repeat the words from memory as correctly as if the book had been lying before him.

Very curious was the case of another man, a devout churchgoer, who could remember the day when every person had been buried in the parish for thirty-five years and could repeat, with unvarying accuracy, the name and age of the deceased and mourners at the funeral. And yet he was a complete fool, and outside of the line of burials he had not one idea and could not give an intelligent reply to a single question or even be trusted to feed himself.

At Earlswood asylum, England, they have records of imbeciles who could not only repeat accurately a page or more of any book which had been read years before, even though it was a book they did not understand in the least, but also of an insane person who could repeat backward what he had just read.

Another curious case is that of an imbecile who, in the first place, never failed to go to church and who on reaching home could repeat the sermon word by word, saying, "Here the minister coughed; here he stopped to blow his nose," and so on.

In another case an imbecile knew the Bible so perfectly that if you asked him where such and such a verse was to be found he could tell without hesitation and repeat the chapter.

All these instances are well authenticated, and others equally amazing and true could be added. And just as there is one sense which is sometimes wonderfully acute in persons of weak intellect, so in the case of blind people the sense of smell or hearing is often very keen.

One of the most remarkable cases on record was that of Julia Brace, a female deaf and blind mute who could distinguish brothers and sisters by smell and who recognized anybody she had met before by the same means.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

A Rhymed Task Master.

In the studio of an artist on Madison avenue there is a sign that would seem suited for almost any place where there is work to do. Of course it is exceptionally well adapted to the needs of dreaming artists. It reads:

> Whene'er a task is put to you
> Don't idly sit and view it
> Nor be content and wish it done—
> Begin at once and do it.

In this studio it was of course artistically printed and framed. Within view of the motto every one was hard at work, and the man who sat nearest said it never gave him a moment's rest. He could not look at an unfinished job without seeing or hearing the jingle of the rhyme.—New York Press.

Why He Didn't Rise.

It was married men's night at the revival meeting. "Let all you husbands who have troubles on your minds stand up!" shouted the emotional preacher at the height of his spasm.

Instantly every man in the church rose to his feet except one.

"Aha!" exclaimed the preacher, peering out at this lone sitter, who occupied a chair near the door and apart from the others. "You are the one in a million."

"It ain't that," piped back this one helplessly as the rest of the congregation turned to gaze suspiciously at him. "I can't get up. I'm paralyzed!"

How Erastus Found Light.

Voting is something of a hazard at times if we do not happen to have the plain guidance of the old darky janitor in Princeton. Erastus, being asked how he had voted, replied: "In the mahnin', sah, I was inclined to de Republican cause, for they gave me $3, but in the afternoon de Democrats gave me $2. So, sah, I voted de Democrat ticket straight, because dey was de leas' corrup', sah—de leas' corrup', sah!"—Success Magazine.

The Real Reason.

"De po' child died fum eatin' too much watahmillion."

"Huh! Dar ain't no sich-uh thing as too much watahmillion."

"Well, den, dar wasn't enough boy."—Puck.

It Had Been Read.

"That old tightwad uncle of mine is dead."

"Has his will been read yet?"

"Did you hear what I called him?"—Cleveland Leader.

To be proud of learning is the greatest ignorance.—Taylor.

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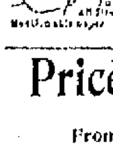

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It Was a Necessity.

A south side woman went to a butcher shop the other day to get a roast of beef.

"That roast will have too much bone in it, I fear," she said.

The butcher stopped and sighed.

"Madam," he said, "that's the cow's fault. These cows would be in awful shape if they had to run around without bones."

The woman said no more.—Denver Post.

A Stickler.

"Did you ever have a cold," inquired the plain citizen, "that you couldn't get rid of?"

"No," answered the purist. "If I had had, I would have it now."

Thus the coolness arose.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

He Did Not Practise.

The Minister—Then you don't think I practise what I preach, eh?

The Deacon—No, sir, I don't. You've been preaching on the subject o' resignation for twa years, an' ye hivna resigned yit.—Tit-Bits.

Established by Franklin in 1758.

The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor and Manager.

Office Telephone 181
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Saturday, February 27, 1909.

Few persons whoever built a house are surprised to hear that the Panama Canal will cost more than the original estimate.

The city of Brockton has 160 cases of measles. That disease is not quite as dangerous as some others but the prevalence is disquieting.

Unless the Pacific States calm down both halves of the navy will be only a moderate allowance for that side of the continent. The first step there should be to get rid of reckless jingo bumptiousness.

If he retains the office a year longer Secretary of Agriculture Wilson will hold the cabinet record in length of service. In point of valuable work performed his rank will be entirely satisfactory.

The Philippines Insular Government is not so slow. It asks Washington for eighteen irrigation engineers. With irrigation and its rainy season, the archipelago ought to be reasonably safe from drought.

The town of Cranston has managed to raise the wherewithal to continue the schools and the enforced vacation of the children is over. It is safe to say that the youngsters hoped that the town would continue to economize.

Every day brings nearer the untimely end of a considerable number of the four-footed inhabitants of Africa, lions, elephants, and any other kind of a vicious animal that comes along. Mr. Roosevelt expects to have a lively time.

Spring is coming! Baseball talk is being revived and the men of the big clubs are heading South for their spring practice. Soon this national sport will drive basket ball, polo and other indoor games far into the background.

The heavens wept copiously when the officers and men of the battleship fleet that has circumnavigated the globe returned to Hampton Roads. Was this because the ships reached home without having had an opportunity to obtain glory in war?

Hetty Green was asked if she gave her daughter a wedding present. "I gave her my love," she replied. That is something, but perhaps the bride would likewise have appreciated a substantial check. Hetty's name at the bottom would have been worth something.

A New York court has sentenced the "confidence queen" to 10 years in prison, at the age of 78 years. In all probability she will never live to serve out her sentence, but will end her days in prison where a large part of her life has been spent. This is a good argument in favor of following the "straight and narrow" path.

Providence has had its "boom" dinner and everybody seemed to be willing to eat and shout for the greater honor and glory of Providence. Now it remains to be seen if they will accomplish anything in their efforts to boom the city. But anyway it was a great dinner and it is hoped that commensurate results will be obtained.

Newport has sent out many sons who have risen to high rank in their chosen professions but it is doubtful if any Newport boy ever accomplished more to relieve suffering than did the late Dr. William T. Bull. He stood at the head of his profession and could demand an enormous fee for his services, but he never refused to perform an operation because the patient would be unable to pay him. Many a resident of this city owes his life to the skill of Dr. Bull, given without thought of recompense.

The bill introduced into the General Assembly providing that the independent military companies of the State must become a part of the national guard or be disbanded would wipe out the individuality of the oldest active military command in the United States, the Newport Artillery Company. This command has an honorable and an enviable record, and stands high in the esteem of the people of Newport, who would be sorry to see its end. We might as well abolish the Old Stone Mill as to lose the Newport Artillery.

The great French engineer, Bunau-Varilla, is not enthusiastic about the stability of the Gatun dam at Panama. In fact he is the least bit inclined to be pessimistic—just a trifle, you know. All that he thinks will happen is that some day the dam will be carried away without a moment's warning, the city of Colon wiped out of existence, and a big fleet of vessels worth millions of dollars left high and dry on the top of the mountain. He doesn't really intend to be discouraging, but he says that this slight disaster is not merely a possibility—it is almost an absolute certainty of the future. It is to be hoped that the Frenchman is merely an alarmist, although his view of the matter is entitled to the most thoughtful consideration on the part of the American engineers.

General Assembly.

The General Assembly has received a number of new bills that have been introduced by members for various purposes this week. Among them was one that will abolish the independent military companies of the State, merging them all into the national guard. Much opposition to the bill is anticipated. It was sent to the House committee on militia. Another new bill is one that will prevent "joy riding," or making it an offence for a chauffeur to use an automobile without the owner's permission.

The resignation of Judge Mumford as a member of the Superior Court bench has been presented and accepted to take effect March 1st, and there is considerable speculation as to who will succeed him. Among the prominent candidates mentioned are Attorney General Greenough, Judge Christopher M. Lee, and Mr. J. H. Murdock.

The Senate Committee on judiciary held a hearing on the bill to allow the town of New Shoreham to sell its steamboat, on Thursday. The hearing was not concluded but will be resumed later. There was a large attendance showing much interest in the bill on the part of the Block Islanders.

Mr. Horace N. Hassard of Newport has been elected chairman of the House committee on corporations to succeed Judge Rathbun. The Senate has adopted resolutions of sympathy for Senator John P. Sanborn in his illness.

Changeable Weather.

Newport has experienced a little of all kinds of weather this week, and each variety that has been offered us as a sample has been a little bit exaggerated. During the early part of the week it was very unseasonably warm, and the high temperature was accompanied by heavy rain and high winds from the south-east, kicking up a heavy sea along the coast. An immense quantity of water fell, and had it been cold enough to snow, the railroads would have had something to do to keep their lines open.

On Thursday the wind shifted to the north-west and then it blew some more. In fact it blew harder than it did the previous day, reaching a velocity of about 80 miles an hour part of the time. It made windows rattle and shook the city up generally but very little damage was done. The bill board on Broadway at the foot of Mann avenue was blown down, but that was never a thing of great beauty anyway.

It turned cold Thursday night, and by Friday morning the temperature was down to 18, being the coldest morning for several weeks.

Members of William Ellery Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, attended divine service at Trinity Church on Sunday afternoon by invitation of the rector, Rev. Stanley C. Hughes, who preached a special discourse on patriotic topics.

Mr. and Mrs. Lucien Walsin of Cincinnati have been in Newport this week to see their son, E. R. Walsin, a student at St. George's School, who was recently operated upon for appendicitis. His condition is regarded as satisfactory.

Weather Bulletin.

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Washington, D. C., Feb. 25, 1909.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent Feb. 27 to March 3, warm wave 26 to March 2, cool wave March 1 to 5. This disturbance was expected to bring great extremes of weather features, a great high temperature wave followed by a cold wave and that cold wave by another and greater cold wave with blizzard accompaniments. Long ago these bulletins gave warning that the force of storms would again increase immediately after Feb. 20.

Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about March 3, cross Pacific slope by close of 4, great central valleys 5 to 7, eastern states 8. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about Mar. 3, great central valleys 5, eastern states 7. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about Mar. 6, great central valleys 8, eastern states 10.

This severe winter storm, with blizzard accompaniments and the blizzard feature will reach far southward for the season. This will be a repetition of the February blizzards but not quite so severe. Those of Feb. began during first week of that month, and those of March will come a cycle later or during the first week of March.

These March cold waves and blizzards following high temperatures will be exceedingly oppressive for the plains people east of Rockies. The winter has been hard on their live stock and after such great trials in trying to pull their live stock through the blizzards the week of March 3 to 9 will be a great hardship.

But that week will end the great cold waves. About March 14 a moderate cold wave will come but it will be most severe in the eastern states and they can endure it better than the blizzard swept countries lying between Meridian 90 and the Rockies. Live stock raisers of the west are vastly better prepared to protect their animals than they were twenty years ago and no such losses of livestock may be expected.

These bulletins gave ample warning of these great blizzards and many thousands of people have profited thereby. In face of these successful forecasts of these most dangerous weather events who can have the cheek to deny that I have found the weather cycles and have learned fairly well how to put them together?

"Out of a Scottish population of 5,000,000," said the Lord Advocate on the Housing bill yesterday, "there are 2,000,000 living in one room."

A voice amid laughter, "Not in the same room?"—London Daily Mail.

At Narragansett Pier—"Ah! My dear, so glad to see you. Down for week-end?"

"No; stomach trouble."

Lock System Canal.

The engineers who lately inspected the Panama Canal works, in company with President-elect Taft, leave no doubt as to their preference for a canal of the lock type. As between a canal of the lock type and a sea level canal at very nearly equal cost, but with a difference in time in favor of the lock system, their report conveys the impression that they are in favor of the lock type. They say that with the sea level system the Chagres River and its tributary streams—the hitherto uncontrollable demons of the Isthmus of Panama—"instead of being allies would be enemies of the canal, and floods in them would greatly interfere with the work." The inference from this remark is that, in the professional judgment of these engineers, the known character of the Chagres River places a canal across the Isthmus at sea level out of question; for surely no man of common sense would feel justified in spending millions of dollars upon a type of canal against which that turbulent river and its equally volatile feeders would operate at tolerably regular intervals each year as "enemies."

The words used in this relation by these engineers are the strongest that can be found, says the Hartford Courant. With the sea level type they say that these local streams would be "enemies," that is to say, actively injurious; whereas with the lock type they say that these same streams would be "allies," that is to say, actively helpful. As to the activity of the Chagres River and its feeders there is, unfortunately, no question; and if this activity can be made helpful in our efforts to construct a ship canal, simply by avoiding the sea level type and adopting the lock type, the matter of choice as between the two types settles itself. If the Chagres River would be the foe of a sea level canal, and the friend of a lock canal, there is no use in talking about a difference in time or cost of construction as between the two types, the point being that to secure the friendship and alliance of these vicious Isthmus streams is more important than any other single factor.

In regard to the Gatun dam, these engineers regard the natural foundations of that structure as secure and satisfactory; but they think that the dam has been planned to be too high. Under the original scheme this dam was to be carried 115 feet above the level of the sea, or thirty feet higher than the normal level of the water which it will contain and upon which the warships passing through the canal will float. They recommend that the height be reduced by twenty feet, thus making the dam 95 feet high, or ten feet higher than the canal level for the actual transit of ships. In regard to possible earthquakes they say, first, that "dams and locks are structures of great stability and little subject to damage by earthquake shocks," and, second, that, even if they could regard earthquakes as a source of serious damage to any type of canal on the isthmus, "their effect upon the dams, locks and regulating works proposed for the sea level canal would be much the same as upon similar structures of the lock canal." In this second clause the professional engineering mind assumes a similarity which the ordinary lay mind does not quite grasp. A sea level canal would have no lifting locks, running up 85 feet into the air by successive stages, and it would have no dams to create an artificial channel supported by these artificial means. The sea level canal might have some mechanical devices along its channel, but in that case they would be low and relatively uncostly structures, and would be used solely for the maintenance of the natural channel, and not—to take one of our latest warships for the test—for lifting 26,000 ton ships up 85 feet into an artificial channel.

But, as we have said, these visiting engineers find no reason for a sea level canal, and every reason for a lock canal; and there are seven of them, and their judgment is unanimous. Their opinion that the Chagres River would be an injury to a sea level canal and a help to a lock canal strikes us as the deciding point in their report. If they are right, any possible question between the two types disappears. It is to be remembered, however, that a canal forty odd miles long and at a level of 85 feet above the entering waters at both ends is an absolute novelty on this earth, never having existed and of course never having been tested; and it is also to be remembered that simplicity of operation is known to be an essential element in the usefulness and durability of great structures.

Middletown.

On Thursday evening, Colonel J. H. Willard of Newport gave an interesting lecture upon the Panama Canal before the members of Aquidneck Grange at the town hall.

The Young Men's Republican Club gave a very successful "Smoker" at the town hall on Wednesday evening. There was a good attendance notwithstanding the rain. A short business session opened the evening at which Mr. John R. Austin presided. The entertainer, Mr. S. Thompson Blood of Concord Junction, Mass., presented, in addition to his humorous stories and impersonations, a new feature, entitled, "A Lecture on Hats," explaining and exhibiting various styles and kinds of head gear—which proved of unusual interest as being decidedly novel. Light refreshments were served at the close of the program. The club will hold its annual "Ladies' Night" on March 18th.

The men of the Methodist Episcopal church will give their annual turkey supper on Thursday evening of next week at the church and will doubtless call out their usual large gathering.

The five schools re-opened on Tuesday after a ten days' vacation.

Professor Lowell of Flagstaff, Arizona, has found the way in which the end of the world will come. He says that some day a planet will collide with the sun and then it will be all over. But he also says that the end will be foreseen fourteen years before the actual collision, and what will happen on the earth during these fourteen years may be imagined. With the absolute certainty of the end of everything at a certain fixed day the chaos and confusion will be beyond belief. But he adds the comforting assurance that he can't see any signs of the headon collision as yet.

"Have you ever seen the prisoner at the bar?"

"Yes, judge, and he can drink like a fish."—Harper's Weekly.

Washington Matters.

Roosevelt Thinks a Sea Level Canal Would be Expensive and Foolish—Congress is Rapidly Approaching Final Adjournment—Canada and Mexico Will Co-operate in Conservation of Resources—Notes.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)
Washington, D. C., Feb. 26, 1909.

Since I last wrote President-elect Taft and the distinguished engineers who accompanied him to Panama have returned and made their report and the President in turn has sent a message to Congress confirming the information that has already been given that the lock type of canal is the only one approved by the engineers and the President-elect who, after a very careful study of the ground have expressed their preference for this type rather than for the sea level canal. The President has sent a special message to Congress on the subject in which he characterizes further advocacy of the less desirable and more expensive sea level canal as "foolish."

The President-elect has made it known that he will after the inauguration, call Congress in special session to be assembled on March the 15th.

The apparently petty complications standing in the way of Senator Knox of Pennsylvania, to his acceptance of the highest cabinet office under the new president, have been swept away by special enactment of Congress and there now appears to be no doubt that he will be the Secretary of State under the new administration.

The President-elect has returned to his Cincinnati home, while Mrs. Taft, it is understood, is adding to her wardrobe in New York.

Only about ten legislative days and nights remain for this Congress and there are a number of important appropriation bills not yet enacted. There has been filibustering in the Senate and threats of filibustering in the House. The House is restless and even recalcitrant under the despotism of Speaker Cannon. There is much talk among the insurgents and mutterings of revolts from both Democrats and Republicans. The same condition prevails in the Senate, where Senator La Follette of Wisconsin is effectively protesting against the autocracy of Aldrich, Hale, Penrose and Gallinger. During the week he has successfully resisted Senator Hale, who attempted the immediate passage of the naval appropriation bill; and also Senator Penrose, who attempted to rush the Post Office bill through without debate. Mr. La Follette began with arguments against the general policy of withholding appropriation bills until it was too late for other senators to inquire into them. This led Senator Penrose of Pennsylvania to ask, with sarcasm, if the Senate had to be compelled to listen to another Chatauqua lecture. Mr. La Follette, unmindful of the interruption, continued with his remarks and intimated that Penrose had not given enough attention to the preparation of the Post Office budget and that the measure had not been properly prepared. Then Mr. Penrose arose in wrath and in a few moments there was a sensation, recognized both on the Senate floor and in the galleries. His arraignment was bitter and he concluded it with the remark that Mr. La Follette's arguments "might better be made by a vendor of patent medicines, from the tail end of a cart in some obscure village in Wisconsin than by a Senator of the United States."

It became evident yesterday that the plans for the conservation of the natural resources of the country had passed the experimental stage and have become continental instead of national, inasmuch as Canada and Mexico are giving enthusiastic co-operation to the great enterprise. These facts became apparent in the opening address of President Roosevelt this week in the East Room of the White House and the sentiment was strengthened later in the day in the State Department by speeches made by representatives from other governments. In these speeches, it was recognized that international streams are affected by cutting forests on either side of the boundary and that conservation plans, to be effective, must be international.

Mr. Hepburn of Iowa, one of the most capable and influential members of the lower house, attacked the House rules this week and referring to a plank in the last national Democratic platform, denouncing the rules of the House as at present enforced, said: "I am one of those who would condemn the ten commandments if by some accident the Democratic party should adopt them. For fifty years it has been my duty to criticize the Democratic party, but this particular plank is consoling to my soul." After Colonel Hepburn's speech, Speaker Cannon agreed to make a concession to the House insurgents by setting apart a day each week for the consideration of bills on the calendar. This is one of the principal privileges demanded by the insurgents.

Prudence Island.

The past week on Prudence seems to have been quiet, dignified and free from unseemly excitement, no news having come to the chronicler of accidents or social events. It is a pleasure, however, to record the meeting of the Society for Hanging on to Departing Vitality, which met on Sunday, with Halsey Chase, who presided during the president's absence, on the soap box.

Two members, Benjamin Hull and Daniel Weeden, were absent and there was strong circumstantial evidence that they had taken advantage of the unusually low tide to go clamming. This was denounced by Mr. Bullough as being contrary to the Biblical permit, which refers only to the rescue of oxen.

The treasurer, William Smith, having migrated to the wilds of Long Island, the question was raised whether, in his departure, the Society had lost any of the vitality which it has been treasuring so tenaciously. It was decided that the discussion of this question was quite in order but, owing to a feeling among the members that, on so delicate a subject it were more kind to keep silence, it was laid on the table.

The club's supply of cider and tobacco having run low, it was voted to assess each member 30 cents and the treasurer was instructed to accept no I. O. U's.

The absent members reported just before the business of the club was concluded, and the meeting closed with a cornet solo by Daniel Weeden and a song, "My Love's a Lovey Dovey" finely rendered by Halsey Chase with accompaniment on his guitar.

There are still new cases of scarlet fever occurring at the Naval Training Station, and the end of the quarantine seems to be some distance away.

Washington's Birthday.

There was a very general observance of Washington's Birthday in Newport on Monday, most of the stores and places of business being closed. The American flag was everywhere displayed and the city had quite a gala appearance. The gun squad of the Newport Artillery Company fired the customary salute at noon.

The weather was ideal for a holiday, seeming more like a day in April than in February. It was warm and pleasant and in consequence there were many people on the streets during the entire day. There was not much going on but the people seemed to be glad of an opportunity to put in a quiet day of rest.

The annual military ball of the Newport Artillery Company was held in the evening at the Armory on Clarke street. The large drill hall was very attractively decorated, the national colors being much in evidence, while palms and potted plants added a bit of greenery to the scene. As the guests assembled they were received by Lieutenant Colonel Frank P. King and other officers of the company. The grand march was led by Lieutenant Colonel and Mrs. King. Refreshments were served.

"Thank heaven short skirts are in fashion again! The men don't notice your face so much!"—Lustige Welt.

NEW ENGLAND BRIEFS

Charles Edwards, 83, a graduate of West Point and for years connected with the lighthouse service of the United States, died at Portland, Me.

The bankers of Vermont were organized for the first time when the Vermont State Bankers' association was formed at Brattleboro.

Brigadier General Jason F. Tolles of Nashua was re-appointed by Governor Quinby as commander of the New Hampshire National Guard.

Parkman, the 5-year-old son of E. H. Pratt, principal of the Madison, Me., high school, was drowned in a brook while sliding.

R. N. Brace, who gave to Greenwich, Conn., a town hall, a park and a working girls' home, died in that town.

The New Hampshire state senate passed the house bill providing for the incorporation of the city of Claremont.

The 600 employes at the Monadnock cotton mills at Claremont, N. H., will have their wages advanced 10 per cent on April 5.

James W. Moffitt, a letter carrier of Derby, Conn., who stole from the mail, was fined $500, sickness in his family saving him from a jail sentence.

To the Mercury subscribers outside of Rhode Island, living in other States.

I offer a tract of land for sale on Conanicut Island, with about ½ a mile of frontage on the waters of Narragansett Bay, for $12,500 (twelve thousand five hundred dollars). There is a residence containing 15 rooms, with barn for 30 cows and 6 horses. A stream of water runs through the grounds, which are partly wooded. A most attractive place to be transformed into a paying farm and summer residence of unusual extent and picturesqueness.

Write to the sole agent, Mr. A. O'D. TAYLOR, 132 Bellevue Avenue, Newport, R. I., who is a Commissioner of Deeds for most of the States, and Notary Public for Rhode Island.

WEEKLY ALMANAC.

FEBRUARY 1909. STANDARD TIME.

	Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon sets	High water Morn	High water Eve.
27 Sat	6 38	5 48	1 23	1 10	1 53
28 Sun	6 36	5 50	2 27	2 15	2 20
1 Mon	6 35	5 51	3 26	3 23	4 04
2 Tues	6 33	5 52	4 17	4 21	5 10
3 Wed	6 32	5 53	5 1	5 11	5 45
4 Thurs	6 30	5 54	5 38	6 01	6 29
5 Fri	6 29	5 55	6 11	6 43	7 07

Full Moon, 5th day, 9h. 56m., evening.
Last Quarter, 14th day, 10h. 2m., evening.
New Moon, 21st day, 3h. 11m., evening.
First Quarter, 28th day, 11h. 4m., morning.

Deaths.

In this city, 19th inst., Mrs. Mary Bowser, aged 75 years.

In this city, 20th inst., Mary B. Huddy, wife of George C. Kaull.

In this city, 21st inst., John William Higbee, aged 39 years.

In this city, 21st inst., Esther Agnes, daughter of the late Andrew and Jane Riley.

In this city, 21st inst., Jane, widow of Amos Bouse, aged 68 years.

In this city, 24 inst., William H. Coffyn, aged 72 years.

In this city, 25th inst., Helen A., daughter of Harry E. and Lottie C. Sherburne, aged 1 year, 6 months.

Passed away in Fall River, Mass., 22d inst., Arthur B. Mumford, in his 54th year.

In Providence, 25th inst., of pneumonia, Sarah Watson Ladd, of this city.

In Middletown, 23d inst., Orpah, wife of James E. Wyatt, aged 54 years.

In Chelsea, Mass., 20th inst., Hugh Sweeney, Chief Boatswain, U. S. N., aged 48 years.

At Savannah, Ga., on Monday, February 22, Dr. William Tillinghast Bull, in the 60th year of his age.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Brent Good

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
FOR BILIOUSNESS.
FOR TORPID LIVER.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLOW SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLEXION.

Price 25 Cents. Purely Vegetable.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

INDOOR RECORDS FALL

Shrubb Leads Dorando From Start to Finish In Their Buffalo Race

Buffalo, Feb. 26.—Leading his opponent from the crack of the pistol to the finish, Alf Shrubb, the English runner, easily defeated Pietro Dorando, the Italian, in a fifteen-mile race here last night.

Every American indoor record from the first to the fifteenth mile was broken. In the first mile Shrubb took a commanding lead, which he gradually increased to three laps in the tenth mile. Dorando made several game efforts to regain the lost ground in the twelfth and thirteenth miles, but Shrubb never allowed him to get more than fifteen yards away from him.

Shrubb's lead at the finish was 2¾ laps. Dorando completed the fifteen miles, finishing in a sprint which was loudly applauded by the crowd.

CRITICISM JUSTIFIED

Governor Pardons Newspaper Which Scored Judge and State Attorney

Frankfort, Ky., Feb. 26.—One of the strongest defenses of the freedom of the press in criticism of public officials ever delivered in the south was that written by Governor Willson in granting a pardon to The Herald Publishing company of Louisville, publishers of the Louisville Herald, for an indictment in the Calloway and in Trigg circuit courts of western Kentucky, charging that paper with criminally libeling Judge Cook and State Attorney Smith.

The two officials preside in the district in which the greater part of the night rider troubles in western Kentucky occurred and the paper vigorously scored them for failure to perform their duty in prosecution of the lawless element.

MAC VEIGH ACCEPTS TREASURY PORTFOLIO

Last of the Positions In the Taft Cabinet Is Filled

New York, Feb. 26.—All qualifications of uncertainty in the prediction that Franklin MacVeagh of Chicago has been selected by Mr. Taft as his secretary of the treasury are removed. MacVeagh has accepted the place and thereby the Taft cabinet is made complete, as follows:

FRANKLIN MACVEAGH.

Secretary of state, P. C. Knox, Pennsylvania; secretary of the treasury, Franklin MacVeagh, Illinois; secretary of war, J. M. Dickinson, Tennessee; attorney general, G. W. Wickersham, New York; postmaster general, F. H. Hitchcock, Massachusetts; secretary of the navy, G. Von L. Meyer, Massachusetts; secretary of the interior, R. A. Ballinger, Washington; secretary of agriculture, James Wilson, Iowa; secretary of commerce and labor, Charles Nagel, Missouri.

CANADIANS GET A SCARE

Fear That Uncle Sam Has Taken a Big Island From Them

Ottawa, Feb. 24.—Some alarm was created in the Canadian parliament by a member calling attention to the fact that if the copy of the recent boundary treaty with the United States furnished to the Canadian parliament is correct, Hunter Island, containing about a thousand square miles, has been lost to Canada and is now the property of the United States.

In the Ashburton treaty the island was conveyed to Canada through the statement that the boundary line shall not intersect the island. The copy of the recent Washington treaty leaves out the word "not."

The original of the treaty will have to be consulted before this point is finally settled.

Open Market For Lead.

Pittsburg, Feb. 26.—Following the lead of the United States Steel Corporation, the National Lead company has declared an open market for lead and its products. This move is due to the discovery that the independent lead companies were cutting rates to secure contracts.

Copyright For Canned Music.

Washington, Feb. 23.—The senate and house committees on patents have agreed on the "canned music" section of the copyright bill, which has passed the house.

John W. Hughes, aged 50, who had been a great sufferer of late with nervous prostration, committed suicide at Newport, R. I., by inhaling gas.

Mrs. Nettie Wilkins, aged 40, was fatally burned at Peterboro, N. H. While lighting a fire her clothing caught fire.

Mrs. Augustine St. Pierre, 65 years old, was killed by falling down stairs at Brunswick, Me.

BIG FLEET IS HOME AGAIN

Battleships Anchor In Hampton Roads

WELCOMED BY THE PRESIDENT

He Reviews Homecoming Vessels on the Mayflower—Crowds on Excursion Boats Greet Sperry and His Men—Much Powder Burned In Saluting—Festivities Planned For Officers and Bluejackets

Fort Monroe, Va., Feb. 22.—Our fleet is home again. Riding safely at anchor in the waters of Hampton Roads after a welcome such as never before warmed the hearts of returning sailormen are the sixteen "bully" vessels that have sailed around the world. It is impossible to resist the temptation to say that they look as "fit for a fight or a frolic" as they did when they sailed away from here more than fourteen months ago under the command of Admiral Evans.

When the Mayflower, bearing President Roosevelt and his invited guests, Secretary Newberry and others, sailed down the harbor today the guns of Fort Monroe told the thousands of visitors to these shores that the welcome to the fleet would begin soon. Immediately the smoke began to rise from the stacks of the scores of excursion vessels chartered to bear the thousands of visitors out to sea to welcome the fleet. Turning their bows eastward, they steamed slowly after the Mayflower and took up their positions as near the presidential yacht as safety and the naval regulations would permit.

When the Mayflower reached the position selected for her off Thimbleshoal light her anchor was cast and the party aboard prepared to await the coming of Admiral Sperry and his ships. Word was sent to the admiral that his commander in chief was waiting for him, and the Connecticut hoisted the signal for the fleet to follow the flagship in. Steaming at a fair rate, the Connecticut moved past the Mayflower, her guns booming out the presidential salute. The Mayflower responded, and the great naval review was on.

From that time until the last of the twenty-five returning warships had sailed past the Mayflower and paid its respects to the president in noise and smoke there was a continual roar of artillery that shook the Virginia hills and made conversation on the excursion steamers a difficult task. The civilian vessels added to the din with sirens and whistles, amid which the cheers of the visiting thousands anxious to do their share in the noisy welcome was all but lost. It was a pandemonium such as was never before heard in this historic harbor.

While the fourteen vessels of Sperry's fleet that have made the circuit of the world, covering more than 42,000 miles since they left here in December, 1907, received the greatest amount of applause, the two battleships which joined the fleet on the Pacific coast and the vessels of Admiral Arnold's convoying squadron received their due share of attention. Probably the greatest amount of applause greeted the appearance of the Connecticut, which was the flagship of the fleet throughout the cruise, and the Nebraska, which made its first appearance on the Atlantic seaboard.

In reviewing the fleet the Mayflower occupied almost exactly the same position she did when the president bade godspeed to the sixteen battleships at the beginning of the cruise. The fleet which saluted him today, however, presented a more imposing appearance than the outbound armada. Then sixteen warships sailed south; today twenty-five war vessels, including twenty battleships, passed in review before the commander in chief.

When the last ship had passed the Mayflower the presidential yacht weighed anchor and turned to take up her position between the Connecticut and the Louisiana. Hardly had she cast anchor again when boats were cleared from the sides of the vessels of the fleet and Admiral Sperry and the commanders and executive officers of the ships were rowed to the Mayflower to pay their respects to the president. After these official calls were paid and the naval men had returned to their own vessels the president visited in turn the flagship of each division and met and greeted the assembled officers and the representative enlisted men sent to pay the respects of the jackies to him.

Tonight will be memorable in the history of Fort Monroe, Newport News and the surrounding towns. The focus of the receptions to the returning sailors will be in the Chamberlain hotel, where the Navy league will give a dinner to Sperry and his commanding officers. The dinner will be followed by a ball, and for several days there will be a round of gayeties here. Most of them, of course, will be reserved for the officers, but the enlisted men have not been forgotten.

Police Guard Around Church

New York, Feb. 23.—Threats contained in a black hand letter to blow up the church and kill the assistant rector, Father Liberati, have impelled the placing of a day and night police guard around the church of Our Lady of Loretta.

Skater Wins Two Championships

Newton, Mass., Feb. 23.—Skaters from many sections of New England plied their blades on the ice here in races for the New England championships at one and three miles. Frank P. Dannahy of Dorchester won both races, covering one mile in 3:43 and three miles in 11:45.

SYLVIA GREEN A BRIDE

Daughter of America's Richest Woman Marries Aged Millionaire

Hoboken, Feb. 24.—Miss Sylvia Green, aged 30, only daughter of Hetty Green, the richest woman in America, was married at Morristown to Matthew A. Wilks, the 65-year-old millionaire, who has been her wooer for ten years.

Mrs. Hetty Green was present, but there were few guests. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Philemon E. Sturgis at St. Peter's church. A reception and luncheon in the Morristown Inn followed the ceremony.

Mrs. Green appeared to be in the best of spirits at the ceremony. When asked if she approved of the marriage, she said: "I am happy because my daughter is happy."

She would not state definitely whether she gave the bride any wedding present. "I gave her my love," she said, "and when I die she will have a great deal more from me."

BREACH OF CONTRACT

Charge of Doctor Against Ex-Queen In Suit to Recover $11,600

Washington, Feb. 25.—Ex-Queen Liliuokalani of Hawaii was sued in the district court by Dr. Charles H. English to recover $11,600 alleged to be due him on account of breach of contract in the payment of a medical bill.

The plaintiff alleges that he accompanied the ex-queen to the Hawaiian islands as private physician under a contract to receive $300 a month and expenses and a bonus, and the defendant broke the contract.

DECLINES PRESIDENCY OF DARTMOUTH

McCall Thinks He Owes Duty to the Public Service

Concord, N. H., Feb. 25.—A letter from Congressman Samuel W. McCall of Massachusetts, declining to become president of Dartmouth college, was received and given out by Frank S. Streeter, one of the Dartmouth trustees and chairman of the subcommittee for the choice of a new president.

Mr. McCall says in effect that while he appreciates the honor which the trustees would confer on him, he considers that his duty to the public service makes it advisable to decline.

FUTURE BATTLESHIPS

Will Be Twice the Size of Largest Now Building, Says Goodrich

New York, Feb. 23.—Rear Admiral Goodrich believes that battleships twice the size of the largest now building will be launched in the not far distant future. Speaking on "The Navy" at the annual banquet of the United States Society of the Cincinnati here he said:

"Over in the Brooklyn navy yard we are refitting one of the vessels that formed part of Rear Admiral Sampson's fleet in '98. That boat is of 9000 tons displacement. We now have ships of 18,000 tons and are building battleships of from 20,000 to 21,000 tons displacement. If we are spared for a few years more, we shall see ships of 30,000 and 40,000 tons displacement."

AMERICANS SATISFIED

Code of Naval Warfare Signed by Delegates to Conference

London, Feb. 26.—The international naval conference concluded its labors and the delegates today attached their signatures to a code of naval warfare, to frame which they came to London.

The American delegates expressed themselves as well satisfied with the code as it has been drawn up, believing that it contains much that will prove of great advantage to American commerce in time of war.

The code consists of sixty-nine articles, sub-divided into eight chapters. It is for the greater part highly technical.

STEPHENSON'S "BARREL"

Federal and State Officials Were on Hand at the Tapping

Madison, Wis., Feb. 26.—That state officeholders, present and past, state employes, federal officeholders, several prominent attorneys and others were paid money to further the interests of United States Senator Stephenson as a candidate in the recent primary election, was shown in a statement of election expenses filed by Rodney Sackett with the legislative committee investigating the senatorial primary.

The making public of the list created a sensation. The amounts ranged from $25 to $3000.

Russia's First Methodist Church

St. Petersburg, Feb. 26.—The first Methodist Episcopal church in Russia has been dedicated at Wirballen, on the German frontier, by Bishop Burt of Zurich, Methodist Episcopal bishop of Europe.

Boy Crushed to Death

Wakefield, Mass., Feb. 26.—Robert Hurtin, aged 14, while playing in an elevator at the Harvard Knitting mills, was caught between the floor and elevator, being crushed to death.

Census of Japanese In California

Sacramento, Cal., Feb. 25.—The senate passed the bill providing for a census of Japanese in the state to determine whether or not California shall ask for a general Asiatic exclusion act. The bill has already passed the assembly and will be signed by the governor at once.

CANAL DOOMED TO FAILURE

That Is the Opinion Expressed by Eminent French Engineer

MAKES AN AWFUL PREDICTION

Vivid Presentation of Disaster to Follow Building of Lock Canal Across Isthmus on Plans Adopted by United States—Thirty-Three Years' Work Will Go For Nothing and $650,000,000 Will Be Sunk

Boston, Feb. 26.—Phillipe Bunau-Varilla, the eminent French engineer, was the principal speaker at the Commercial club dinner last evening, given at the Algonquin club, having especially come from France for that purpose.

He attacked the accepted scheme for the construction of the Panama canal, charging among other things that the Gatun dam, in process of construction on the isthmus, is absolutely without trustworthy foundation and apt to precipitate the nation into so serious a catastrophe as to sully the reputation of our country.

"The point at issue is the stability of the Gatun dam," said Bunau-Varilla. "It is the cornerstone of the canal system, which consists in creating a great lake at 85 feet altitude on both sides of the Culebra ridge, and in connecting this surface of water with the oceans by a flight of three locks on each side.

"If the Gatun dam gives way, it will be the most dramatic catastrophe in the history of public works. The result of an expense of $650,000,000; $25,000,000 spent by the French share and bondholders, $400,000,000 spent by this government, the result of thirty-three years of efforts, will be annihilated in a quarter of an hour, the town of Colon will be wiped out and possibly a whole fleet will be stranded and made prisoner for years by nature if the fleet happens to be in the lake at that moment.

"I contend that such a thing is not a dream of a sick imagination. It is not only possible, it is probable; it is not only probable, it is almost certain. This high degree of probability can be established by facts without introducing any element of personal opinion in the argument."

Mr. Bunau-Varilla contended that the minority report of engineers was in error on four points: Estimated cost, width of tide locks, concerning dredgable matter and foundation of dam.

DIGNITY WILL PREVAIL

No Freak Features In Inaugural Parade at Washington

Washington, Feb. 26.—Washington is rapidly assuming an inaugural appearance, practically all of the preparations having been completed. Pennsylvania avenue will be in readiness for the great event with a few finishing touches.

No "freak" features, such as cowboys throwing lassoes, wild animals and various mechanical devices, will mark the inaugural parade. General Bell, grand marshal of the parade, has served notice that all organizations of whatsoever kind will have to conform to the dignity of the occasion.

END OF THE EARTH

Lowell Says It Will Come When Unknown Dark Planet Jolts the Sun

Boston, Feb. 26.—"A collision of an unknown dark planet with the sun will terminate life on the earth," said Professor Percival Lowell, director of the Lowell observatory at Flagstaff, Ariz., in a lecture last night before the students of Massachusetts Institute of Technology and others.

"The event will be prophesied fourteen years before the catastrophe occurs," continued the professor, "and chaotic confusion will reign in the world during the days preceding the calamity."

The chance of the catastrophe happening in the near future are declared by Lowell to be very slight, however.

NEWFOUNDLAND POLITICS

Morris Asked to Form New Cabinet Upon Resignation of Bond Men

St. John's, Feb. 26.—The government of Sir Robert Bond has tendered its resignation to Governor MacGregor, and it is probable that Sir Edward Morris, the opposition leader and formerly a minister in the Bond cabinet, will be called upon to form a ministry.

Cuba's Independence Day

Havana, Feb. 25.—The fourteenth anniversary of the uprising at Baire, marking the beginning of the war of independence, was observed throughout the island as a national holiday. President Gomez and Vice President Zayas went to Matanzas and unveiled a statue of Liberty.

Actress Seriously Ill

Pittsfield, Mass., Feb. 26.—Miss Conuie Ediss, the musical comedy actress, is seriously ill at her summer home near Savoy, suffering from a tumor. Yesterday she submitted to a preliminary operation. She will soon again go under the surgeon's knife.

Considered Needless Expense

Hartford, Feb. 25.—The general assembly agreed with a committee that it was not worth while to send Governor Lilley and his staff and an escort of the two companies of foot guards as Connecticut's representives at the inauguration of President Taft.

KILLED WIFE—SHOT SELF

Woman Had Filed Suit For Divorce Against Aged Husband

Springfield, Vt., Feb. 26.—Upon the refusal of his wife to again live with him, Robert A. Glynn, 72 years old, shot and killed her in North Springfield, shooting himself immediately after. Glynn will probably survive. Mrs. Glynn, who was 52 years old, left her husband on Jan. 14, and filed a libel for divorce against him at that time, alleging intolerable severity.

Mrs. Glynn, who had been living with her daughter, Mrs. Lillian Stafford, since the separation from her husband, was walking down the main street of North Springfield when she was accosted by her husband, who finally drew a revolver and fired a shot at his wife which took effect in the body, causing her to fall to the ground. Glynn then fired two more shots into the prostrate body and emptied his revolver of three remaining shots by discharging it into his own body.

Mrs. Glynn died immediately.

FRIENDSHIP'S BOND

Will Prevent Clash of Arms Between United States and Canada

Ottawa, Feb. 26.—A statement of Canada's view as to the impossibility of future trouble with the United States was made at an artillery luncheon by Prime Minister Laurier, who said:

"Canada has little reason to fear that she will ever be invaded. We have but one neighbor of this continent, the United States. While our frontier has been crossed in the past, there is no reason to believe that Great Britain and the United States will ever again be at war or that Canadians will ever live in any but peaceful relations with their cousins, the great people of the United States."

WILL BE LEFT TO COURT OF INQUIRY

Chance For Re-enlistment of Discharged Negro Soldiers

Washington, Feb. 24.—The president is authorized to appoint a court of inquiry to determine the qualifications for re-enlistment of discharged negro soldiers of the Twenty-fifth infantry who were accused of shooting up Brownsville, Tex., in 1906, by the passing of the Aldrich bill. The vote was 56 to 26.

The bill is a compromise measure approved by President Roosevelt, Senator Foraker and all of the Republican members of the committee on military affairs. The court of inquiry will act as a board to order applications for re-enlistment and recommend the restoration to duty of such soldiers who are not found guilty of complicity in the affray.

Abram E. Brown, author and historian, and former member of the Massachusetts legislature, died at his home in Bedford, Mass., aged 60 years. He was the author of various works dealing with early New England times.

The remains of the body of an unknown man who had been run over by a train were found scattered for six miles along the track between Methuen and Salem, Mass.

CUTICURA COMFORT

FOR LITTLE FAT FOLKS

Most grateful and comforting is a warm bath with Cuticura Soap and gentle anointings with Cuticura. This pure, sweet, economical treatment brings immediate relief and refreshing sleep to skin-tortured and disfigured little ones and rest to tired, fretted mothers. For eczemas, rashes, itchings, irritations and chafings, Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are worth their weight in gold.

Sold throughout the world. Depots: London, 27, Charterhouse Sq.; Paris, 5, Rue de la Paix; Australia, R. Towns & Co., Sydney; India, B. K. Paul, Calcutta; China, Hong Kong Drug Co.; Japan, Maruya, Ltd., Tokio; Russia, Ferrein, Moscow; So. Africa, Jennings, Ltd., Cape Town, etc.; U.S.A., Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

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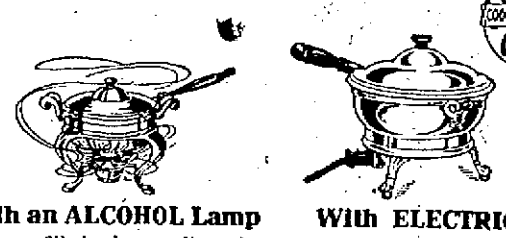

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A LEGEND OF MEXICO

The Mermaid Malinche and Her Haunted Springs.

LURE OF THE WATER SPRITE.

To See This Fabled Custodian of the Royal Jewels of the Ancient Aztecs Is to Die and Help the Siren Guard the Hidden Treasures.

Malinche, or Malintze, as some of the old Mexican writers spell it, is the water sprite, the mermaid, who lives in two famous springs in Mexico that are said to be connected by natural underground waterways.

She is invisible to all except those who never return to tell the tale, yet it is easy to see her, they say.

In the daytime Malinche lives in the little spring bed pool just within the iron gates of Chapultepec. Here she is a sweet spirit, always wooing the passerby with the music of her gentle voice.

At nighttime she is miles away, and her voice is wicked and mournful. It will add interest to this legend of the Malinche if the traveler when he starts out to visit Chapultepec for the first time will pause at the Cuauhtemoc statue in the second glorieta of the Paseo and take a long look at it, not only because it is a noble work of art, but because this Indian hero was the last ruler of his race, the Aztecs, and in the final struggle called Malinche to his aid.

A bronze relief in the base of the pedestal on which the statue stands shows the chief being tortured to compel him to reveal the hiding place of the wealth of his kingdom. Cuauhtemoc's stoical bearing rebukes the complainings of his comrade, whose feet are also roasting over the slow fire in the brasero beneath them, and when he at last cries out in anguish Cuauhtemoc reproves him. "For shame, faint heart. Do you think I am taking my pleasure in my bath that you appeal to me?"

The magnificent old cypress trees that surround the rock of Chapultepec on a slightly lower level than the spring were old before the conquest, and among them Cuauhtemoc and his plumed and painted warriors guided their canoes to the enchanted spring when they came to quench their battle thirst. Protected by those brave old trees, Cuauhtemoc climbed the rocks and from the heights watched the maneuvers of his enemies on the lakes. Close by the storied spring stands the monarch of them all, Montezuma's tree. It is awe inspiring to follow with the eye its rugged bole up over the growth of centuries and try to measure with the mind the history that has been enacted beneath its waving boughs. Perhaps the magic spring at its feet caused it to grow higher and more majestic than its fellows. Here in its shade Montezuma sat and wept when he foresaw his downfall. Here Cuauhtemoc vowed that if he could not overcome the Spaniard he would give the Aztec treasure to Malinche.

She overheard him make this vow and whispered from the fringed brink of the mirroring water that she would receive the trust at the spring of Atzcapotzalco, three or four miles away. This town, whose name looks so unpronounceable to the strangers, but sounds so smooth when uttered by a Mexican, has a little suburb, Zaucopinca, that has been made famous by Malinche's spring. It is here that Malinche loses the sweet nature by which she is known at Chapultepec and becomes a wicked spirit. The legend relates that she grew savage because she was set to guard the treasure that Cuauhtemoc secretly conveyed to her when the hour of despair had arrived for his people, though another tradition says that he selected that hiding place because of her wild and brave spirit.

However that may be, it was there that he carried the royal jewels of the Aztecs and much gold and silver when he knew that he was about to be defeated by Cortes. Calling up the Malinche, he gave all into her keeping and then went to his doom. Down deep into the hidden grottoes of her home Malinche dragged the hoarded treasures.

Long passageways connect these chambers and by many tortuous windings reach either spring. The walls of rock crystal and chalcedony have been polished and worn into fantastic shapes by the running water. There are long, narrow shelves on which the treasure is strewn and glittering stalactites that catch long strings of pearls and emeralds and hold them swaying in the winds of the caves.

Glowworms and electric fishes light the fairy scene, and the water makes constant music, but the Malinche is not happy. If you go near the pool at Zaucopinca you will hear her voice lamenting, and often in the nighttime it may be heard afar off. If the unwary traveler pauses to listen he will hear cries of distress and anger and sad moanings that attract him to their relief. He will come nearer and nearer to the spring and, bending down that his ear may be close, he will hear troubled waters rushing among hidden rocks. When his face is above the pool a pair of white arms will rise up out of the water and clasp him about the neck. He is never seen again. He has gone to help the siren guard the treasure of Cuauhtemoc.—Mary Worrul Hudson in Mexican Herald.

Nature is lavish in the production of everything but great men.—Hubbard.

Two of a Kind.

Little Johnnie, who is considered the image of his father, was one day in his mother's way, when she told him, "You are always in the way."

He replied, "I am just like papa."—Delineator.

Children have more need of models than of critics.—Joubert.

MEAT IN AFRICA.

When the Butcher Murders a Bull the People Cut Beef.

Travelers in Africa find the standard of living somewhat different from what they are accustomed to at home. Mary Hall in her book, "A Woman's Trek From the Cape to Cairo," throws a strong light upon the condition of market and kitchen in British Central Africa:

When the native butcher proposes to kill an ox, notice to that effect is sent round to the white people on the previous day. Once they were apprised of the fact by the following startling announcement: "A bule will be murdered tomorrow morning at 6 a. m."

This cold blooded crime, so carefully premeditated, even to the exact hour, was, however, not committed, as the next morning a second notice was issued as follows: "The bule ran away this morning, so was not murdered." But this was an exceptional case.

I heard one story which is so characteristic of the native that I repeat it. The man who related it told me that the incident occurred when he was on a journey and was suffering from a bad attack of fever. One evening he fancied he would like some eggs and told his boy to get two and boil them lightly.

After a time they were brought to him as hard as bullets. He told the boy he must get some more and boil them less; but, alas, these were brought to him in the same condition, and the poor fellow wished he had never ordered them at all.

Being unwilling to give in, he made another attempt and told his boy, "Come to me when the water boils." The boy did so.

"Now," said his master, "put the eggs in, and when you have counted fifty take them out."

The native method of reckoning is to count up to ten and then begin again, arriving at the total by the number of the tens counted. The sick man heard the boy start fair and get as far as four tens, when a second boy interfered and questioned whether it were the third or fourth ten.

This started a discussion, and as they could not agree it was decided to begin all over again. Meanwhile the eggs were still boiling and getting harder and harder. This was about the last straw, and, it as the man felt, he was compelled to get out of bed and put a summary end to the cooking operations.

SOME SURE THINGS.

Do Not Bet on Your Ability to Perform These Feats.

Bets to be avoided by those who are cocksure they can do all things are those relating to athletic feats. It would seem that a good runner could easily give a start of fifty yards in a hundred to a man who was doing the fifty yards by hopping on one leg. But few runners, if any, can afford to give that amount of start to any man who is at all strong on his legs. For the first five yards or so they go at practically the same pace, so that to run ninety-five yards while his opponent is hopping forty-five he has to go more than twice as fast, and it is a weak man indeed who cannot hop fifty yards in ten seconds.

An ordinary wooden match is easily broken in the fingers, but, although there are many who will bet they can do it, none succeed in accomplishing the task if the match is laid across the nail of the middle finger of either hand and pressed upon by the first and third fingers of that hand, despite its seeming so easy at first sight.

No one can crush an egg placed lengthwise between his clasped hands—that is, if the egg be sound and has the ordinary shell of a hen's egg.

It is safe to bet a man that he cannot get out of a chair without bending his body forward or putting his feet under it if he is sitting on it, not at the edge of it.

Another equally certain wager is that a man cannot stand at the side of a room with both of his feet touching the wainscoting lengthwise.

It is safe to bet any man, save one who is blind, that he cannot stand for five minutes without moving if he is blindfolded.

Very Different.

It is never embarrassing in a novel for a rich man to find a lot of poor kin. There is always a vacancy in a bank, where the rich man finds a good position for the oldest son, who soon becomes the bank's president. Another child shows a genius for painting, and the rich man sends him to Italy to study. In a month or two the child returns a great artist. But how different in real life! Ah, how vastly different!—Atchison Globe.

She Had Often Studied It.

Little Marie had returned from her first visit to Sunday school.

"And what lesson are you to study for next Sunday?" her mother asked.

"Nuffin' much," said the four-year-old rather scornfully. "Her jest said to learn all about the catakissin', and me knowed that already."—Lippincott's.

Like the Bee.

"I, sir," said Mr. Dustin Stax, "am like the busy bee. I have industriously stored the good things of life."

"Yes. And anybody who tried to stop you was very likely to get stung."—Washington Star.

Force of Habit.

Captain of Signalers—G—G—G, what the deuce does the fellow mean? There's no word with three G's running. Corporal—Beg pardon, sir, but Signaler Higgins he stutters!—London Punch.

A Success.

Mrs. Henpeck—I married you to reform you. Mr. Henpeck—You succeeded. I'll never marry again if I live to be a thousand years old.—Illustrated Bits.

Nothing is more easy than to deceive ourselves.—Demosthenes.

A DARING BUCCANEER

Edward Thatch, Who Was Known as the Blackbeard Pirate.

HIS BATTLE WITH MAYNARD.

After the Hand to Hand Conflict the Desperado's Head Hung at the Bowsprit End of the Lieutenant's Sloop as She Sailed Back to Virginia.

It is almost 200 years since Edward Thatch, better known as the pirate Blackbeard, was a name with which to terrorize the Atlantic coast of the then new country of America. As a buccaneer whose deeds of desperate daring made him feared wherever his name was known he stands a close rival of the famous Captain Kidd, if indeed in some respects he did not surpass that notorious freebooter.

The date of Thatch's birth is lost in history, and his native place is variously given as Bristol and Jamaica. He first appears as a foremast hand to Major Stede Bonnet, a gentleman of Barbados, who, although a man of property and having small knowledge of the sea, thought proper to fit out a sloop and take to a life of piracy, the explanation of his being "a little distracted" being charitably given by one biographer. However that may be, his crew missed in the major the qualities of a successful commander. They deposed him and elected Thatch in his place. Bonnet was tried and executed in 1711.

Thatch's first independent exploit of which we have a detailed account took place in June, 1718, when he captured two French ships near the Bermudas, one laden with sugar, the other empty. Transferring to the latter the crew of the laden vessel and letting them go their way, he sailed with his prize of vessel and sugar for Bathtown, N. C., with the governor of which place, Charles Eden, he had previously arrived at a pleasant understanding.

Thatch gave out that he had found the French ship deserted. Governor Eden received sixty hogsheads of sugar as his share. Tobias Knight, his secretary, took twenty, and the remainder fell to Thatch and his crew. Thatch lingered there for some months, plundering and insulting the merchants of the place. These, understanding at length the futility of expecting redress from Eden, applied to the governor of Virginia to rid them of the pest.

The governor, after consultation with the captains of the Pearl and Lime, then lying in the James river, agreed to provide two sloops, the warships to furnish a complement of men. Lieutenant Maynard of the Pearl was placed in command, and the punitive expedition sailed on Nov. 17, 1718. On the 21st the pirates were sighted in an inlet about sixty miles from Bathtown, and Maynard anchored for the night.

On the following morning Thatch, maneuvering to elude attack, ran his vessel aground, but Maynard's sloop, drawing more water, though she had no guns on board, failed to get to close quarters. The lieutenant, however, threw out his ballast and in answer to a truculent defiance from Thatch promised to be "soon aboard him with his sloop." Coming at last within close range, a broadside from the pirate killed or wounded twenty of Maynard's crew and nine on board his consort.

Maynard now ran alongside the pirate, when, under cover of a discharge of grenades, Thatch and fourteen followers boarded the king's ship. Maynard and Thatch, pistol and sword in hand, engaged in a desperate personal encounter. The lieutenant's sword broke, and more than once he narrowly escaped a fatal injury. But at last Thatch, having received sixteen wounds, fell dead in the act of cocking a pistol. His followers jumped overboard and cried for quarter. Maynard hung Thatch's head at the bowsprit end, sailed for Bathtown, where he seized the governor's storehouse, and then, still with his grisly sign of triumph swinging in the wind, rejoined his ship in Virginia, where thirteen of the captured pirates were hanged.

One of the Blackbeard's crew who obtained pardon was Israel Hands, who makes his appearance in "Treasure Island." Shortly before Thatch met his death Hands had been lamed for life by a pistol shot in the knee fired by Thatch from under the cabin table, at which he, with Hands and others, was carousing, just to remind his crew in general "who he was." Such an act was only one of the many eccentric brutalities of Thatch's career.

When he felt himself in the vein or was going into action his appearance was somewhat startling—his bushy black beard tied up with ribbons, the ends of which were thrown over his ears; a fur cap on his head, with a lighted match on either side, and three brace of pistols slung across his shoulder. Of the usual condition of himself and his crew much may be gathered from the fact that "our company somewhat sober" was a circumstance deemed worthy of note in the diary found after his death.—London Globe.

Not Yet.

"Do you desire a room with a bath?" asked the affable clerk.

"Gee whiz, no!" replied the gentleman with the canvas telescope. "This is only Tuesday, ain't it?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Pretty Loud.

Nell—He's a college boy. Belle—I thought so. Nell—From his conversation? Belle—No. I was too busy listening to his clothes to hear what he had to say.—Exchange.

A Leading Part.

"My brother has a leading part in that drama."

"What part?"

"He leads a horse across the stage in the last act."

TOO CLEAN.

African Natives Who Were Lavish In Their Use of Soap.

Miss Mary Kingsley, who made many journeys in the wilds of Africa, used to relate how once, finding it necessary to cleanse a much soiled and stained blouse, she carried it, with a cake of soap, to a neighboring spring, where an interested group of native women watched her wash it. They were much impressed by the way in which the spots disappeared, and it emerged as good as new.

The next morning when it came time to break camp Miss Kingsley missed her soap—a precious commodity in the wilderness. Suspicion soon pointed to a certain woman, who, on being accused, confessed boldly that she had taken it and cast it into the spring that its extraordinary powers of renewing old garments might be permanently imparted to the waters. She was deeply mortified to learn that her effort had been in vain.

The Rev. Peter McQueen of Charlestown, Mass., tells a kindred story. His soap, however, was not lost, although misused. He still had it with him.

"I told our native servants to be sure to lay in a supply of clean water when we crossed the Taru desert, a scorched belt of sand stretching some seventy-six miles," he relates. "Tidings had reached us that an English explorer who had attempted to cross that desert shortly before us had perished from thirst, so we wanted to be careful.

"You can imagine my surprise when, upon taking my first draft of water, I discovered that it tasted strongly of soap. All the casks were similarly tainted, and we rounded up the natives and held a hasty court martial.

"It was a tough predicament, but I couldn't refrain from smiling within when the leader of them meekly confessed that as the master had instructed him to lay in a supply of clean water he had seen to it that bars of soap were added, for 'soap, he said, was used to clean things.'"

They did not perish of thirst, but after sixteen days of drinking soapsuds, which agreed with neither palate nor stomach, no native of that particular gang was again likely to try to purify water with soap.—Youth's Companion.

ON THE DEAD RUSH.

An Experience In Getting Acquainted In New York.

Getting acquainted in New York is thus described by a man from Atlanta. He brought a letter of introduction to the person he was to meet at the latter's office in Nassau street.

This is the Atlantan's report to his house:

"Called at 2 p. m. Boy on the gate asked my name and business. Gave him the letter of introduction. Boy returned and told me to sit down.

"Sat down twenty-five minutes. Saw a man come out of his office and break through the gate as if he was chased by hornets.

"'Who's the man from Atlanta who wants to see me?' asked the hurried individual.

"'I am the man,' I replied, trying to act as if I was also hurried.

"'Come along with me,' said the man as he grabbed me by the arm. He dragged me through the main door into the hallway. He caught sight of a descending elevator and shrieked to the man in the car to stop.

"The door of the car slid ajar, and the man who had me by the arm said, 'Come along; let's get acquainted as we go down.'

"By that time the car had reached the landing on the main floor. As the door of the car was pushed back the man who had my letter in his hand said:

"'I haven't had time to read this letter, but we know each other. Come in day after tomorrow. I've got to make a train. I'll know you when we meet again. Goodby.'

"Before I could say goodby he had turned the corner and was out of sight. That's business in New York."—Success Magazine.

Had Two Faults.

Uncle Remus, besides being an inveterate horse trader, was something of a wag. One day, after swapping a rather disreputable looking nag, he said:

"Now, stranger, I'll tell yer fair—dat hoss hab got two faults."

"And more, too, I guess," assented the other. "But what are they?"

"Waal, ef he gits out in de field he's de hardest hoss ter ketch ye ever seed, an' when yer ketch 'im he ain't worth a cuss."—Judge.

A Versatile Fellow.

A young man wants situation as odd man or pair of horses.—Kirkcudbrightshire Advertiser.

We have an old revolving cage, if he would care to come as three white mice.—London Punch.

Trials of the Road.

Mrs. Farmer—Say, mister, don't you never do no work? Dewey Eye—Well, if youse knew how hard it was fer a college bred man to answer questions asked by ungrammatical females yer wouldn't ask dat.—Judge.

Warm.

Mrs. Buggins—Before we were married you used to say I was the sunshine of your life. Mr. Buggins—Well, I admit that you still do your best to make things hot for me.—Philadelphia Record.

Lady Wortley Montagu used to say that her only objection to being a man was that she would have to marry a woman.

Cured.

"My wife will never buy any more cigars for me."

"Why not?"

"I insisted upon smoking all of the last lot in the house. Some of the rooms still reek with them."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

If you would not cease to love mankind you must not cease to do them good.—Maclaren.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

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Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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EYE EXERCISE.

One Method by Which Poor Vision May Be Improved.

"Have you a high roof?" was the apparently irrelevant question put by the distinguished oculist to the woman who had complained of having bad eyes. "Higher than the roofs of the surrounding houses?"

"Oh, yes," said the woman, "a good deal higher."

"Then what I want you to do," said he, "is to go up there every day and look around for half an hour. That will do you more good than glasses. One trouble with your eyes, and with many pairs of eyes in New York, is that you exercise them so little at long range. They are fixed to looking at short distances only. Long distance looking is good for eyes. Persons who habitually have a wide expanse of sea or plain to gaze upon very seldom have weak eyes. Of course you cannot move out to the plains, neither can you spend a life on the ocean wave, but you can let your sight travel across the Hudson river every day, and I advise you to do it."—New York Press.

Vagaries of Memory.

The vagaries of the old man's memory are indeed curious. Lord Houghton told Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff that he had once been present when Lord Lyndhurst and Dr. Lushington were asked what was the most interesting thing that they remembered. "Oh," said Lyndhurst, "undoubtedly the day which I spent with Washington at Mount Vernon." "Oh," said Lushington, "undoubtedly the week which I spent with Burke at Beaconsfield." Naturally they were asked to tell something of what had passed on these occasions, but neither of them could remember anything whatever. There is much to be said for assisting the memory of good things with a diary, as Sir Mountstuart himself did.—London Chronicle.

Paid For a Peep at Royalty.

In the eighteenth century the Londoner could look at royalty on Sunday for a modest fee. In a guide to London, published in 1767, it was said, "At St. James' chapel royal by knocking at the side door and slipping a shilling for each person into the hand of the verger who opens it you may have admittance and stand during divine service in the presence of their majesties, and for a shilling each person more you may sit in their royal presence, not in pews, but in turnup seats on the side of them."

A Vague Idea.

During his first visit to a farm little Willie came into the house crying softly.

"What is the matter, dear?" asked his mother.

"I went out to see the cows, and they didn't give nothing but milk," sobbed the boy.

"What did you expect?" inquired the mother.

"I'm not sure what I expected," replied Willie, "but, mother, where does beef tea come from?"—Judge.

A Hint.

"Yes," said the young student thoughtfully, "when I get interested in a subject I never stop until I have embraced it thoroughly."

"That's nice," was the hesitating reply. "Do—do you think I'm an interesting subject?"

Gregory's Seeds

are raised with the greatest care from superior hand-selected stock and sold under three warrants covering all risks. This year we are offering

Yellow Globe Onions

at the remarkably low price of $2.00 a pound. Sold for $4.00 last year. Our packages of vegetable seeds are larger this year, and our

NEW SEED BOOK—FREE

tells about the special cash discounts we are making. This book is a valuable guide to farmers and gardeners. Send for copy to-day.

J. J. H. GREGORY & SON, Marblehead, Mass.

A MAN OF ACTION.

He Got Out of His Tight Corner With Flying Colors.

He was a husband who, when he left home for a week or so on a business trip, invariably took with him a photo of his wife, and in the letters that he wrote to her he always made a great point of this portrait and dwell upon the fact that the sight of it was the only thing that kept his spirits up when he was far away from her.

One day, however, he left the home and forgot to take the portrait with him. But he was not going to let a little thing like that worry him.

Down he sat and penned his customary amorous epistle, in which the portrait played its usual part. It was not until the letter was posted that he remembered that the portrait had been left at home in a conspicuous place where his wife could not fail to discover it.

The fat was indeed in the fire, but he was a man of action and determined to get out of his tight corner somehow. He remembered the shop where the photo had been taken and promptly wired there for another copy, which he had put into a beautiful frame especially adapted for traveling.

On his return home his wife "handed out the freezing mixture" to begin with and then dissolved in unquenchable tears. When under cross examination she admitted that the cause of her grief was his cruel deception, he produced the newly acquired photo and then asked her, in a hurt voice, how she could possibly have suspected him of working off mere larradiddle on his little wife.—New York Mail.

The Eternal Feminine.

A photographer was called upon not long ago to make some pictures of an old lady of seventy years or so, but of surprising agility and quickness of perception. The picture man was therefore somewhat surprised to find that no words of address could induce the old lady to speak until after the operation was completed. Then she put her fingers into her mouth, whence she withdrew several wads of paper.

"You wouldn't have me photographed with my cheeks falling in, would you?" she asked the photographer. "I just stuffed some paper in my mouth to fill out."—Harper's Weekly.

The Ancient Stone Slingers.

It has been said that Asiatic nations excelled others in the use of the sling, and the slingers of an ancient army used their little weapons with terrible effect. "These natives have such skill," says one old historian, "that it very rarely happens that they miss their aim. What makes them so great in the use of the sling is the training given them from their earliest years by their mothers, who set up a piece of bread hung at the end of a rod for a target and let their children remain without food until they have hit it, when the child who is the victor receives the bread as the reward of his skill and patience."

The Bedouin's Bed.

An interesting patient at the medical mission at Haifa, Palestine, is alluded to in the annual report of the S. P. C. K. Dr. Coles writes: "During the year we have had many patients from very desolate parts of Asia. One was a Bedouin who had never been inside of a house with windows and had never seen a bedstead. He wanted to sleep under the bed, fearing to fall off if he tried to sleep in it, saying: "I can't stay awake all night holding on to this bank. Besides, it will not keep still!" It was a spring mattress.

Her Triumph.

Penelope (triumphantly)—I heard last night that Jack was head over ears in love with me. Grace (jealously)—You cannot believe all you hear. Penelope—No, but I should not wonder if there was something in it. Grace—Why? Who told you? Penelope—He did.

CASTORIA.

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

A GOOD LIAR.

He Finally Came to Believe His Own Yarn Was True.

The usual party of evening town gossips had gathered in front of the postoffice when Rastus, a good hearted old darky, said:

"Folkses, I know a man who tells lies so often that he sometimes actually believes he's tellin' the truf. You've heard of them people, haven't you? Listen. One day he was passin' by a restrunt, and as he was very hungry he went in to get somethin' to eat. But when he got inside he saw that every seat was occupied. Then he thought a minute and suddenly said, just so loud so that every one could hear him:

"'Have you heard?'

"Of course every one said 'What?'

"'Why,' said he, 'there's a whale down in the dock that they just captured lashin' his tail around and upsettin' the tugboats and steamers. He's only goin' to be there ten minutes.'

"Of course every one jumped up and run down to see the whale. That was just what he wanted, so, sittin' down, he ordered his dinner and begun to eat. Suddenly he looked out the window, and there was everybody runnin' to the docks—pollcemen, Chinamen, coons and all—and he said:

"'By golly! I guess it's so!'

"And he ran down there himself."—Judge.

EQUALLY GUILTY.

The Apology Made by an Unconsciously Profane Man.

The proprietor of a certain hotel in Maine is not only one of the kindest and best hearted of men, but also one of the most profane. He swears without knowing it and means no offense. He spends but little time in the office and is practically unknown to many of the guests. One day, however, he was in conversation with the manager when a lady interrupted them.

"I want my room changed," she said. "It is on the side overlooking the kitchen, and I am annoyed by the swearing of some man down there every morning. I am a church woman and will not stand it another day."

The remarks were addressed to the manager, for she did not know the proprietor or that the one who did the swearing was he.

"Do you happen to know who that man is?" he asked before the manager could reply.

"No, I do not," she answered.

"Well, I do," the proprietor continued, "and he doesn't mean any more when he swears than you do when you get down on your knees to pray."—Lippincott's.

They Were Discreet.

In the course of an interview Cardinal Manning, a short time before his death, referred to his boyhood days as follows: "Well, if you want me to talk nonsense I will say that it is a long way back to remember, for I am eighty-three, but I spent my childhood at Totteridge. A boy at Coombe Bank, Christopher Wadsworth, late bishop of Lincoln, and Charles Wadsworth, bishop of St. Andrews, were my playfellows. I frankly admit I was very mischievous.

"The two Wadsworths and I conceived the wicked intention of robbing the vinery. The door was always kept locked, and there was nothing for it but to enter through the roof. There was a dinner party that day, but there were no grapes. This is probably the only case on record where three future bishops were guilty of larceny. Were we punished? No. We were discreet. We gave ourselves up and were forgiven."

Not Dressed Fit For the Party.

A proud young housekeeper who had been presented with a piece of statuary was giving a party. Shortly before the guests arrived she looked through the rooms to see that everything was in order. Missing the Venus from its place on the hall pedestal, she asked the old butler what had been done with it.

"Miss Weeny, you mean, ma'am?" he replied.

"Yes, the Venus. Where is it?"

"Well, now, Miss Margrit, ma'am, excuse me, ma'am, but I jes' thought as gemmens was expected dis evenin' I'd better set Miss Weeny under the stairs."—Ladies' Home Journal.

KEEN IMAGINATION.

The Way One of His Lectures Affected Louis Agassiz.

Children are not the only holders of the precious key of the imagination. The finest minds often keep the power of "make believe," much to their own and the world's benefit. That such a possession coupled with ardent enthusiasm makes demands on the nerves and strength is shown in the following anecdote, related by the late Moncure Daniel Conway in his autobiography. He was at one time a pupil of that famous man of science, Louis Agassiz.

One particular lecture Agassiz devoted to displaying some fossils of saurians, newly come into his collection. He made the subject a text for a general review of the chain of reptilian life.

As he proceeded, darting off to the blackboard to illustrate, comparing the extinct with the contemporary fauna, he became more and more animated. His face reddened with excitement until at last he said:

"Gentlemen, I ask you to forgive me if today I end the lecture at this point, although the hour is not out. I assure you I have been describing these extinct creatures until they have taken on a sort of life. They have been crawling, hissing, darting about me. I have heard the crawling and hissing until I am really exhausted. I regret it, gentlemen, but I trust you will excuse me."

Our admiration for the grand teacher was such as to make us break through all rules, and we gave him a hearty cheer. He bowed low to us and quickly disappeared.

The Bride—"Just think of it, dearest, fifty years from yesterday will be our golden anniversary."

Asking Mrs. Parshall.

Back on the stage every foot of room was occupied. The four tiny dressing rooms held from three to five occupants each, and the girls who were to take part in the flag drill had come ready dressed. A professional makeup man had set up his table in one corner, and those who were to take part in the entertainment waited their turn to place themselves under his skillful ministrations.

There was a shout of dismay as Tommy Tremblay upset the box of rouge and then climaxed matters by stepping in it and scattering the red pigment beyond hope of recovery. The professional snorted his disgust, but did not lose his placidity.

"I have grease," he announced. "I must make up with that," and he busied himself with applying a layer of cold cream to the next face presented.

"What does he mean by 'grease,' Brent?" demanded Marion Terhune.

Brent Goodwin laughed.

"It's not as horrible as it sounds," he explained. "It merely means that he must use grease paint; those things that look like colored crayons, instead of powder and rouge. It makes it a little harder for him, that's all.

Betty Parshall rose from the chair and came toward them.

"It's smells like hair oil," she exclaimed with a laugh, as she exhibited her pigment complexion.

"He got it on thick enough," growled Brent, who did not like to see the flower like face smeared with colored grease. Betty dropped him a mocking courtesy.

"Make up, like your flattery of Marion Terhune, should be applied thickly. I feel like a portrait done in oils."

"I didn't flatter Mrs. Terhune," denied Goodwin. "I was just nice to her to sort of—er—divert suspicion. Your mother has an argus eye, Betty."

"Poor mother," sighed Betty. "She is not to blame that the austerity of her Puritan ancestors has concentrated in her face. She is the kindest mother that ever was."

"But forbidding in aspect," insisted Brent. "I tell you every time she looks I feel like pleading 'not guilty' to whatever she suspects me of."

"Could you?" demanded Betty daringly, adding in explanation: "You know she suspects you of wanting to steal her daughter from her."

"Guilty," said Goodwin promptly. "Guilty in intention if not in fact."

"Indeed," cried Betty, saucily. "Now I have imagined lately that you were planning to elope with Marion Terhune."

"You know better than that," whispered Goodwin. "It is you and only you that I want, dear."

"Faint heart never won fair lady," teased Betty. "I dare say you would propose, only you are afraid to ask my mother for my hand."

"This is about the thousandth time that I have proposed," declared Goodwin, stoutly. "You've never given me an answer yet."

"I have been sparing all your feelings," explained Betty, demurely. "I know how you feel about asking mother. I know how you feel about asking mother."

"I mean it, dear," said Goodwin suddenly serious. "I do want you above all others. Won't you say 'yes,' and let me ask your mother?"

"It is 'yes,' Brent," she said softly.

Goodwin glanced about him. They had withdrawn slightly from the crowd as they talked, and now they were in the friendly shadow of a screen waiting its use on the stage. He bent quickly and kissed the smiling lips and then Betty pushed him away.

"You must go out front," she commanded. "If you stay here I just know that we shall make ourselves ridiculous. We care too much for each other to hide our feelings. Besides," she added, her cheeks dimpling again and the laughter returning to her eyes, "you will find mother out there, dear."

Goodwin stumbled blindly through the door leading to the hall. For an instant the brighter lights dazzled him, and he paused to recover himself. Then he moved forward through the little knots of early comers who were chatting away the interval that remained before the curtain should rise.

Then suddenly Mrs. Parshall seemed to rise up out of the floor and Brent saw no avenue to escape. Truth to tell he was a little afraid of Mrs. Parshall, whose kindly heart was masked by a stern, almost forbidding face.

"You have come from the stage, Mr. Goodwin?" she asked, as she acknowledged his greeting. "Is Betty there? She came on ahead and I was told at the door she had not yet arrived."

"She is there," assured Brent. "I was just talking to her." The thought of their recent talk brought the perspiration to his face, and he drew out his handkerchief. When he removed it from his face there was a streak of red across the snowy surface, and Mrs. Hamilton, standing beside him, gave a cry.

"Have you a hemmorrhage, Mr. Goodwin?" she asked in alarm.

Brent mentally cursed the make-up man as he shook his head in denial, and Mrs. Hamilton laughed.

"It's lip rouge," she cried, "and Mr. Goodwin has just come from behind the scenes. Are we to congratulate you, Mr. Goodwin?" she added, with a glance at Mrs. Parshall.

Before he could answer, Mrs. Parshall read the truth in his eyes.

"I am very glad," she said softly. "I had begun to fear that no one would risk me as a mother-in-law."

She patted the broad back that squared itself with pride and Brent kissed the proffered cheek. "A fellow couldn't ask a better mother-in-law," he cried in relief. "You're the best ever."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Allaying His Fears.

The New Convict—Say, old man, I'm likely to go stomping around my boudoir at all hours of the night. I'm a sleep walker. It worries me terribly, too.

Guard—It needn't in this hotel, boy. There isn't the slightest danger of your walking out of a window.

Motorist's Friend—O, I say! Goodness gracious, we'll be smashed up in a minute!

Motorist—All right, my dear fellow, don't excite yourself. The firm I bought this motor from have agreed to keep it in repair for a year.

"How many ribs have you, Johnny?" asked the teacher.

"I don't know, ma'am," giggled Johnny, squirming around on one foot. "I'm so awful ticklish I never could count 'em."—Ladies' Home Journal.

When a man tells his side of the "story," you can't believe all he says. He at least exaggerates in his own favor.

Bringing up the Boy.

Teach the Primary Lesson of Obedience First of all.

"I just can't bear to have my little boy grow up. It seems that it will break my heart to lose my baby."

And her baby whoops, "Maw! I want to go out to Johnnie's house! Maw, why can't I? Say, Maw, why can't I?"

"Now, Jimmy, mama doesn't think you'd better. It will be too late for you to get home to-night."

"Aw, Maw, you said I could! Maw, I want to go! Maw, let me; I'm a-goin' anyway!"

"Now, Jimmie, I'll tell your father on you when he comes home. He'll make you mind!"

Her baby! Can't bear to have him grow up! Why, he isn't growing up. He is simply getting to be a bigger nuisance.

Why? Because she never taught him respect for his mother and obedience.

There is only one cure for that habit of disobedience—it is a habit—which makes some homes the very abode of the fiends instead of a haven of rest, which drives some men to fling down their evening papers in rage, snatch Jimmie, shake Jennie, and rush off to the club or anywhere out of doors where they can be at peace from squabbling children.

"I'll tell your father on you!"

Fine thing for a grown woman to say to a little bit of a child!

If that mother had honestly, fearlessly and steadily required from her children actual, instant obedience from the time they could understand—and that is mighty early, let me tell you—she would not have to spank him more than once.

In the little affairs of the household that instant obedience, obedience without an answer in return, is the price of peace.

In the bigger affairs, involving the spending of money, or questions of conduct outside the home, or of actual morals, say to your son or your daughter, "This is how it is. You understand this as well as I do," and make it clear, pleasantly, and as to one with a growing and active mind.

Then, "Now, think it over and decide. I think you have plenty of sense and the right sort of sense. Use it."

If that course is pursued with the boy or girl you are going to be surprised by the self-denial, by the consideration for others, by the beautiful spirit of understanding that will be manifested.

Youth is the time of ideals. When we refuse to give our children room to exercise those ideals in home life, we deprive ourselves of a deep pleasure and do the children a serious wrong.

Teach a boy or girl to obey your slightest word, first, and do it instantly. Yes, you can! If you can not, what business have you with children about the place at all?

Then give them room to choose in really big things, and let them abide by their choice. No need to talk about children being bad when you do these two things.

"If my three should turn bad right now," says one small woman, who is the only controlling force in her family, "they have been enough comfort to me already to make up for anything. They have always known that 'no' was final and was never said for amusement nor without thought. They obeyed me and learned to obey their own good judgment. And the result is comfort and peace for them and for me."

Obedience—obedience—obedience—of that high sort that comes very shortly to mean obedience of the child to his own well-developed sense of right—that is the secret of raising good boys.—Chicago Tribune.

Rays of Sunshine.

"The late Francis Thompson, the English poet," said a magazine editor, "had a great love of birds. He once told me a pretty story about a swallow. "Catching, one day in the early autumn, a swallow that nested in his garden, he fastened to its wing a piece of oiled paper inscribed with the words:—

"'Swallow, little swallow, I wonder where you pass the winter!'

"The next spring the swallow returned to its nest at the usual time. Attached to its foot was another piece of oiled paper with the inscription:—

"'Florence, at the house of Castellari. Cordial greetings to the friend in the North.'"—The Advance.

Hot Stuff.

The great editor looked up impatiently.

"Boy," he said, "what is that rustling in the wastebasket—a mouse?"

The boy after examining the basket answered:

"No, sir; it's one of them poems o' passion throbbin'."

"Well, pour some water on it and then drop it out of the window," said the editor. "The building isn't insured."—Kansas Independent.

"Speaking of the ark," he said, "I saw a little boy at play with his Noah's ark the other day. I watched him put aboard all the people, all the painted animals, and then I saw him place carefully in a sheltered spot two tiny splinters of wood.

"'What are they, my son?' I asked.

"'Them's microbes,' said he.

"It had never occurred to me before, but there must of course have been a pair of microbes in the ark."—Harper's Weekly.

"In vain, in vain!" cried the young man distractedly. His hair fell in long wisps about his brows, and his countenance was deathly white.

The crowd pressed close.

"In vain, in vain!" he cried again, with wringing of hands and gnashing of teeth.

"What?" cried the crowd. "What is in vain?"

"The letter 'v!'" cried the young man as he escaped.

Mabel—Jack proposed to me last night.

Stella—Poor fellow! So he did keep his word after all.

Mabel—Why, what do you mean?

Stella—When I refused him last week he said it would cause him to do something desperate.—London Opinion.

Kind Old Lady—"Have you ever made an effort to get work?"

Beggar—"Yes, ma'am. Last month I got work for two members of my family, but neither of them would take it."—Illustrated Bits.

First Toiler—My doctor ordered me to drink beer for insomnyer.

Second Toiler—Can't you sleep then?

First Toiler—Only at night.—Windsor.

When you Meet Sympathy.

Advice From Every One When You Have Something In Your Eye.

There is just as strong an attraction for the average person in seeing some one with an inflamed eye as there is in seeing some unfortunate who has a bad toothache. The average person cannot refrain from giving advice.

"What's the matter? Got something in your eye?"

"I guess so," grunts the sufferer.

"Perhaps it's only a cold?" suggests the other.

"Uh-huh," remarks the wearied, afflicted one.

"Now what you want to do is to go to a drug store and get the man to put in an eyestone. That's get it out."

"Just had that done."

"Well, then try some boric acid. That'll kill the inflammation."

"Had that done too."

"Well, if I were you I'd go and see an oculist."

The programme is almost invariable. Every one says the same thing in about the same way, and at about the twentieth repetition it begins to be tiresome.

The twenty-first person is apt to get a pretty sharp retort, which makes him say: "Well, I was only suggesting it for your own good," not realizing that a careful attention to his own business would be the greatest favor under the circumstances.

It also may be noted that about the only thing that a druggist will not charge for is this service of extracting things from person's eyes. They will work for twenty minutes, using up rosewater or boric acid and their own time in addition and then at the end won't ask for a cent when an offer of payment is made. That's what hurts the doctor's business in the line of attending to eyes.—New York Sun.

Had Two Faults.

Uncle Remus, besides being an inveterate horse trader, was something of a wag. One day, after swapping a rather disreputable looking nag, he said:

"Now, stranger, I'll tell yer fair—dat hoss hab got two faults."

"And more, too, I guess," assented the other. "But what are they?"

"Waal, ef he gits out in de field he's de hardes' hoss ter ketch yo ever seed, an' when yer ketch 'im he ain't wuth a cuss."—Judge.

Woman Less Vain Than Man.

Personal admiration never turns a woman's head as it does a man's. She is not naturally vain, like a man, and compliments after a time become too much a matter of course to disturb her equanimity.

If she is pretty, she is already aware of the fact without being told it. If she is not, she has sufficient imagination to believe that she is.

A Fabulous Price.

Bloward—I hesitate to tell you what that automobile cost me. You wouldn't believe it. I paid a fabulous price for the machine, though I can tell you.

Kohlfax—I don't doubt it. What I want to know is the real price you paid for it.—Chicago News.

Often The Case.

"A newspaper has got to print a variety of matter. You can't tell what is going to suit who."

"That's right. Now at our house, grandfather likes the side talks with girls whilst grandmother just dotes on the sporting news."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Deductions.

One never solved the secret of the rose's perfume by picking the petals apart.

Sometimes a broken heart means a mended conscience.—Walter Pulitzer in March Lippincott's.

"He didn't care to write to her when he wanted her to arrange for a secret marriage, so he sent her a running vine."

"What did she do?"

"Sent him a cantaloupe."—Baltimore American.

Bacon—You say he never butts in?

Egbert—No; he learned a lesson from the horse.

"What do you mean?"

"Why, the horse usually gets hurt if he interferes."—Yonkers Statesman.

"That noble woman," said the magnate, "made me what I am to-day."

"Why, I didn't know you were married," said we.

"I am not. She refused me."—Cleveland Leader.

A boy always brags of what he will do when he's a man.

And when he becomes a man he always boasts of what he did when he was a boy.—Pick-Me-Up.

Hokes—"Jones is a stupendous egotist; he's completely wrapped up in himself."

Jokes—"Huh! Bound in calf."—March Lippincott's.

Father—How do you like your new mamma, Elsie?

Daughter (turning up her nose)—H'm! Next time you better let me pick one out for you!

"She is said to be counting the days until her wedding."

"Yes, and the size of her dad's roll is said to be dazing the count right now."—Nashville American.

He (with newspaper)—"Ah! So Affinity Earle's wife has turned the tables on him."

She—"The paper I saw said she struck him with a chair."—Boston Transcript.

"Yes," said the old peer, "my son is willing to stand for Parliament.

"Unfortunately," he added, after a slight pause, "Parliament does not reciprocate."—Youth's Companion.

Manager—You say this is a play of the slums. Is it a clean play?

Author—It couldn't be cleaner. The hero is a White Wings and the heroine is a washerwoman.—Baltimore American.

"Mammy's knittin' dad a pair o' socks."

"An' what's dad a-doin' of?"

"Prayin' to the Lord for shoes!"—Atlanta Constitution.

"They say that Cholly has lost his mind."

"Is that so? Does he know it?"—Boston Courier.

Simplicity.

Flushing and smiling, the girl graduate seated herself beside her father in the automobile and patted the pale, blue bow of ribbon on her essay.

"Did you like my essay, father?"

"Your commencement essay upon Life's Higher Calls," he said, "seemed to me to be too—too. But, listen, here is an autograph letter of John Ruskin's that I bought this morning for $17. Maybe, if you had read this letter before writing your essay it would have been better."

Then the father read the letter aloud, while the young girl listened with a scornful and sour air.

"I was obliged to write too young, when I knew only half truths, and was eager to set them forth by what I thought fine words. People used to call me a good writer then; now they say I can't write at all, because, for instance, if I think anybody's house is on fire I only say, 'sir, your house is on fire,' where I formerly used to say, 'sir, the abode in which you probably passed the delightful days of youth is in a state of inflammation,' and everybody used to like the effect of the two p's in probably passed,' and the two d's in delightful days."

Everybody Lucky.

An old farmer of the County of Durham called at a roadside public house where he was well known. The landlady asked him to buy a ticket for a lottery they had on there.

"Well," he said, "I hae naught in ma pocket, or I might."

"Oh, that's a' reet, John," she says; "take the ticket and pay for it any time."

Some time later John called again and the landlady asked him if he knew who had won the lottery.

"No," he said, "who won?"

"Well, hardly durst tell you, but oor Sam won. Wasn't he lucky?"

"Aye," said John, "he was lucky. And who was second, then?"

"I durst hardly tell you. Who would you think now?" she said.

"I couldn't say," said John.

"Well, it was oor Sally. Wasn't she lucky?"

"Aye, she was lucky," said John, "and who was third?" he asked.

"Well," she said, "you would never guess, and I might as well tell. I was third. Wasn't I lucky?"

"You were," he said. "Did I ever pay you for that ticket missus?"

"No, John, you didn't," she said, fawning upon him.

"Well," said John, "Isn't I lucky?"

Why She Declined.

"Really," said the stylish lady, enthusiastically, to her friend, "it is quite worth while going to the Zoo, if only to see the wonderful display of rhododendrons."

"Is it?" replied her friend, languidly; "I like to look at the great big clumsy beasts, too, but it always smells so unpleasantly round the cages."—London News.

Satan's Wiles.

"Now, Willie, you know I told you not to go in swimming, and yet you have been in the water."

"I know it, ma, but Satan tempted me."

"And why did you not tell Satan to get behind you?"

"I did, and he kicked me in."—Judge.

Staked all on His Wife's Vanity.

She—Did you forget today is my birthday?

He—Sure! Didn't you want me to?—Yonkers Statesman.

Before The Storm.

"You seem to manage remarkably well on your housekeeping money."

"Yes; the storekeepers haven't sent in their bills yet."—Stray Stories.

A Boy, having been sent by his mother for some rock and rye, entered the nearest drugstore and astonished the clerk by saying:

"My mother wants ten cents' worth of your rotten rye."—March Lippincott's.

"Hello, old chap! You look as though you had lost your best friend."

"I have. He eloped with my wife last week."—March Lippincott's.

She—"You don't act as if I was the first girl you ever kissed."

He—"If I am the first man who ever kissed you, how do you know I don't?"—March Lippincott's.

For Over Sixty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP." Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30th, 1906. Serial number 1098.

The bones of an average whale weigh forty-five tons.

We recommend Carter's Iron Pills to every woman who is weak, nervous and discouraged; particularly those who have thin, pale lips, cold hands and feet, and who are without strength or ambition. These are the cases for which Carter's Iron Pills are specially prepared, and this class cannot use them without benefit. Valuable for men also. In metal boxes, at 50 cents. Sold by druggists or sent by mail. See advertisement elsewhere.

Italy leads the nations of the world in the matter of theatres.

Their gentle action and good effect on the system really make them a perfect little Pill. They please those who use them. Carter's Little Liver Pills may well be termed "Perfection."

As far as is known at present there are 18 kinds of houseflies.

Derangement of the liver, with constipation injures the complexion, induce pimples, sallow skin. Remove the cause by using Carter's Little Liver Pills. One a dose. Try them.

Great Britain has the longest coast line of any of the countries of Europe.

There are many forms of nervous debility in men that yield to the use of Carter's Iron Pills. Those who are troubled with nervous weakness, night sweats, etc., should try them.

CASTORIA.

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher — The Kind You Have Always Bought

SIZE OF BULLSEYE.

It Varies According to Distance In Rifle Shooting.

"A bullseye is a bullseye" is an expression frequently used in connection with rifle shooting, but those unfamiliar with military rifle practice as at present conducted have little conception of what is meant by a bullseye on the regulation targets. The ranges at which shooting now takes place are 200, 300, 500, 600, 800, 900 and 1,000 yards. For these ranges three targets are employed.

The first is target A, which is used at 200 and 300 yards. It is six feet tall and four feet in width, with a bullseye in the center eight inches in diameter. This is surrounded by a circle twenty-six inches in diameter. Another circle is forty-six inches in diameter. The bullseye counts 5, a shot in the inner circle 4, in the outer circle 3 and on the remainder of the target 2.

The B target, which is used at 500 and 600 yards, is six feet square. It has a twenty inch bullseye, and the first circle is thirty-seven inches and the second circle fifty-three inches in diameter. The value of the spots is the same as on the A target.

The C target is used at 800, 900 and 1,000 yards. This is rectangular in shape, being six feet high and twelve feet long. It is divided into three sections by vertical lines three feet from each end. In the center is a thirty-six inch bullseye surrounded by a fifty-four inch circle. A shot in the bullseye counts 5, between the bullseye and the rim of the circle 4, anywhere outside of the circle, but within the six foot square, 3, and at either end of the target, but outside of the square, the shot counts 2 points.—Philadelphia Record.

WHO OWNS THE AIR?

Ancient Legal Maxim Says Man Owns Land "Up to the Sky."

It is still a moot point whether or not the flying of airships over private property may be opposed by due process of law.

In England there is an ancient maxim embodied in the English common law which says, "He who owns the land owns it up to skies." This venerable rule, a legal authority points out, is as good today as ever it was and is full of menacing significance to the airship builder.

The effect of this rule is to give the owner of land the exclusive right to the free enjoyment of the air over and above the four corners of his holding, and any interference with that enjoyment, however apparently slight and harmless, constitutes a trespass, for which an action may be brought.

Applications for injunctions against airship owners and actions for trespass by aggrieved landowners are not unlikely proceedings in the near future.—New York Sun.

How She Solved It.

There was something about the face of the stranger who sat opposite to her in the tram car that was familiar to the stern lady. "Pardon me," she said. "If I am not mistaken, you are one of the poor, underpaid working girls whom our Emancipation society tried to benefit, or, at least, you were a year ago."

"That is so," said the stranger.

"Then our society has evidently not been without influence, for you look prosperous now."

"I have everything I want and never was so happy in my life."

"That's splendid. You must have solved the woman problem."

"I have."

"Glorious! Do tell me about it!"

"I've married!"

A Case of Auto Suggestion.

A baker on the upper west side who purchased an auto delivery wagon was surprised to receive the following message from one of his most particular customers: "Please send no more orders to me by your new wagon. The smell of gasoline in the rolls made almost the entire family sick."

The baker sent word to the customer that, as the auto was driven by electricity and no gasoline was used at all, she must have been mistaken and added, "Perhaps the cook had just cleaned her gloves that day."—New York Press.

Not Too Late.

Not long after the great Chelsea fire some children in Newton, Mass., held a charity fair by which $18 was realized. This they forwarded to the rector of a certain Boston church who had taken a prominent part in the relief work, with a letter which read somewhat as follows:

We have had a fair and made $18. We are sending it to you. Please give it to the Chelsea sufferers. Yours truly, etc.

P. S.—We hope the suffering is not all over.

Piety.

Piety is not an end, but a means of attaining the highest degree of culture by perfect peace of mind. Hence it is to be observed that those who make piety an end and aim in itself for the most part become hypocrites.—Goethe.

The Bird In Hand.

Lonny—Say, let's promise to marry each other when we grow up. Gracie—Oh, no. I might like somebody else better then. Lonny—Me too. Gracie (hastily)—Oh, yes; let's do promise.—Kansas City Times.

"So you have decided to call in another doctor?"

"I have," was the reply. "The absurdity of the man prescribing linseed tea and mustard plasters for people of our position."

Mrs. Midge—I wonder what in the world Jonah thought when he was swallowed by the whale?

Midge—He probably had an idea that he had got into a sheath gown.—Harper's Weekly.

Client (spluttering)—"Do you charge extra for filling a mouth with soap?"

Barber (calmly)—"Only when he swallows the brush."—London News.

"Dear me," said Mrs. Podgerson, "I do wish you'd quit botherin' me when I'm writin' letters. You've gone and made me leave the o out of Sylvester."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the ollowing rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries as brief as is consistent with clearness. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.

Direct all communications to
MISS E. M. TILLEY,
Newport Historical Rooms,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27 1909.

NOTES.

GENEALOGY OF THE WANTON FAMILY.

By Gen. T. L. Casey.
(CONTINUED.)

He m Feby 6, 1718, Mary Codman, of Newport, widow. She was b 1693 and d Sept 8, 1760, æ. 87. Children:

1 Joseph Jr. (4), b Nov 5, 1720.
2 Mary (4), b July 6, 1722, m Oct 1, 1761, Henry Bowers, of Swansey.
3 Gideon (4), b Aug 24, 1724.
4 Sarah (4), b Jany 3, 1726, d May 8, 1729.
5 Edward (4), b Sept 26, 1727, d Dec 25, 1729.
6 John (4), b July 5, 1729.
7 Edward 2d (4), b July 23, 1731½ d young.
8 Edward (4), b Apl 27, 1734.

Joseph (4) Wanton, Jr., (Gideon (3), Joseph (2), Edward (1)) was b Nov 5, 1720 and was living in 1781. He seems to have settled early in Providence, and was admitted a freeman of the Colony from that town in Oct, 1744. He was a Deputy from Providence 1751. Probably removed to Newport in 1752. He was a sea captain, and June 5, 1753 was admitted a member of the Fellowship Club. Was elected Sheriff of Newport county 1761, 62, 65, 66, 68. Returned to Providence, probably in 1776, and in March 1781, petitioned the Assembly with reference to an estate in possession of Col. John Topham. He was often styled Joseph G. Wanton. He m in Providence Jany 19, 1748, Sarah Carpenter, of Abiah and Sarah (Arnold) Carpenter. She was b July 12, 1728. Children:

1 Sarah (5) b Sept 7, 1745, d April 29, 1813, in Bath, N. York. m in Trinity Church Sept 19, 1765, Capt. Jeremiah Clarke. He d in Bath, N. York, Sept 14, 1815, æ. 82y. 6mo. She is mentioned in her grandfather Wanton's will.
2 Freelove (5) b Sept 23, 1746.
3 John (5) b prob. 1748, m (1) June 7, 1770, Content Easton of Walter and Meribah (Richardson) Easton. She was b April 7, 1750, m (2) May 19, 1773, Lydia Gilbert, probably of Caleb & Ruth (Clarke) Gilbert. Children: 1. Son b —— about 1774; 2 Phebe, b ——; 3 Almy, b —— (Letters for them advertised in Newport MERCURY, March 10, 1822.

Gideon (4) Wanton, Jr., (Gideon (3), Joseph (2), Edward (1)) was b Aug 24, 1724, and d in Richmond, Va., April 9, 1809. He was a freeman from Newport May, 1746. Was a Deputy 1757, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 76, 82. Assistant, 1765, 66, 68, 80. June, 1776, was on a committee to take the Census of the Colony, and to determine damages to Joseph Crandall. Was 5th Justice of Court of Common Pleas for Newport county, Aug 10, 1776, May, 1787, 88, 89, 90, 91. Oct 1790 was a member of the Redwood Library Company.

He m Oct 2, 1766, Mary Cozzens, widow of Capt. Andrew Cozzens, and daughter of Christopher and Patience (Easton) Townsend. She was b Jany 29, 1736 and d March 11, 1783. Children: 1 Christopher Townsend (5), b Sept 21, 1768, d 1793, in Philadelphia; s. p. 2 Gideon (5) b July 10, 1770, d July 26, 1772; 3 Edward (5), b Oct 15, 1774, burnt in a theatre in Richmond, Va., Dec 26, 1811; s p 4 Andrew (5), b May 17, 1777, d Oct 17, 1778.

John (4) Wanton (Gideon (3) Joseph (2) Edward (1)), was b July 5, 1729 and d July 2, 1797. He was a merchant in Newport, and was styled John Wanton, son of Gideon, but signed his name, John G. Wanton. Was a freeman May, 1757. Aug. 1758 Director of a lottery in Newport. Aug. 1760, on committee to build the Market House in Newport. Feby 1762 on committee to receive money from the Governor, and turn it over to the General Treasurer. Deputy from Newport 1762, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76. Feby 1764, one of the incorporators of Brown University. Oct 1769, on committee to prepare address to His Majesty respecting imposition of taxes. Sept 1770, Director of lottery to pay for Market House in Newport. Oct 1771, on committee to build a new Prison House in Newport. Dec 1772, Director of lottery to raise money for Hospital on Coasters Harbor. Oct 1775, on committee to sign bills of lawful money. Oct 1775, on committee to compile account of hostilities committed by ministerial troops and navy, within Colony, since March last. Jany 1776, on committee to sign lawful bills of credit. Feby 1776, on committee to preserve gold and silver coins for operations in Canada. May, 1776, on committee to prepare instructions to delegates of Colony in Congress. May, 1776, Requested by Assembly to have certain Acts published in Newport MERCURY. May, 1776, on committee to audit accounts of General Treasurer. May, 1776, on committee to inquire what wages the Colonies allow delegates in Congress. May, 1776, on committee for regulating the movements of the inhabitants of Block Island. June, 1776, Protested against Bill showing inoculation in the colony. June, 1776, on committee to obtain house for hospital for troops on Rhode Island. July and Sept 1776, on committee to sign bills of lawful tender. Oct 1776, on committee to supervise the departure of certain prisoners. He was compelled to leave Newport upon the arrival of the British Army, Dec 8, 1776, but returned after they had evacuated the town, Oct 25, 1779. In 1789 and 1790 he was collector of Imports for the County of Newport, and for three or four years immediately by preceding his death a member of the Town ——— for Newport.

He m (1) Oct 8, 1752, Abigail Robinson of Governor William and Abigail (Gardiner) Robinson. She was b Jany 8, 1733, and d March 8, 1754. He m (2) May 19, 1760, Mary Nichols, widow of Jonathan Nichols, Jr., and dau. of Governor Henry and Phebe (Coggeshall) Bull. She was b April 18, 1728, and d March 12, 1821, in North Providence. Children by 1st wife:

1 William Robinson (5), b Feby 11, 1754, d young, and was buried in his mother's grave

Children by 2d wife:

2 Mary (5), b Aug 20, 1763, d in N Providence Dec 4, 1822, m Jany 10, 1782, Major Daniel Lyman, who was b 1756, and d Oct 16, 1830. Children: 1 Anna Maria (6), b Nov 13, 1782, m July 4, 1802, Richard Kidder Randolph, of Newport; 2 Harriet (6), b Mch 16, 1784, d Feby 23, 1875, m Oct 28, 1807, Benjamin Hazard, of Newport; 3 Margaret (6) Louisa, b Nov 24, 1786, d May 18, 1865, m Mar 5, 1827, Samuel Arnold of Smithfield; 4 Mary (6), b Oct 7, 1788, m July 7, 1808, Jacob Dunnell of Island of Madeira. 5 Eliza (6), b May 30, 1790, d Nov 5, 1876, unmarried; 6 Thomas (6), b Dec 30, 1791, d Nov 4, 1832; s. p. 7 John Wanton (6), b May 10, 1793, m Nov 14, 1832, Eliza Wheaton of Seth of Providence; 8 Daniel (6), b Sept 28 1794, d Aug 4, 1822, at Milledgeville, Ga.; s. p. 9 Henry Bull (6), b Nov 13, 1795, d Apl 24, 1874, m March 2, 1829, Caroline Dyer of Elisha; 10 Louisa (6), b Apl 16, 1797, d Feby 10, 1869, m Oct 17, 1825, Dr. George H. Tillinghast; 11 Sarah (6), b Feby 14, 1799, d Feby 19, 1837, m June 23, 1819, Governor Lemuel Hastings Arnold; 12 Julia Maria (6), b Aug 30, 1801, m Sept. 18, 1820 John H. Easton of Newport; 13 Emily (6), b Dec 23, 1804, d Aug 29, 1805.

3 Gideon (5), b July 19, 1766, d Nov 26, 1766. s. p.

Edward (4) Wanton (Gideon (3) Joseph (2) Edward (1)) was b April 27, 1734, and d Sept 7, 1778. He m Sept 19, 1768, in Trinity Church, Frances Ayrault of Stephen and Ann (Bourse) Ayrault. She was b 1768 and d in London, Eng., Dec 25, 1827. She m (2) Dec 7, 1777, John Piper, an officer in the British Army, and subsequently a colonel. His home was at Clayton, Devonshire, England. Children:

1 Stephen Ayrault (5), Bapt June 2, 1769 and d Dec 1807, m Aug 30, 1801, Mary Dennis, of Capt. Thomas, who survived him. s. p.

2 Sarah (5), Bapt. June 29, 1771. Was living 1828. m Sept 9, 1792, Capt. Joseph Huntington, of Capt. David and Elizabeth (Casey) Huntington. He was b about 1769, and d in 1823. Children: 1 Stephen Ayrault (6), Bapt. Nov 7, 1793, d Aug 28, 1817, in Tiverton; 2 Edward (6), Bapt June 26, 1796; 3 Joseph (6), Bapt. Jany 25, 1798, d Oct 14, 1818, in Havana; 4 Elizabeth (6), Bapt Aug 24, 1799, m July 21, 1826, Benjamin Barnard of Portland, Me.; 5 Francis P. (6), b about 1802, m Oct 28, 1824, Ammiel Paddock, at Nantucket.

3 Francis (5), Bapt July 18, 1773, d Dec 2, 1818, m Nov 30, 1794, Capt. William C. Robinson of Christopher and Rubama (Champlin) Robinson. He was b 1763 and d July 8, 1802. Children: 1 Edward Wanton (6), Bapt May 9, 1795, d 1818; 2 Stephen Ayrault (6), Bapt Aug 24, 1799, d April 7, 1877, m 1822, Sarah H. Potter; 3 Frances W. (6), Born 1800, d 1802; 4 George C. (6), Born 1802, d 1820; 5 William C. (6), Born 1803, d 1871, m 1827 Abby E. Shaw. Francis Ayrault had by her 2d husband in Newport 1 Mary Ann Piper, Bapt Jany 1, 1779.

Middletown.

Owing to the severe storm of last week, Newport County Pomona Grange No. 4, Patrons of Husbandry, held its regular session on Tuesday of this week, meeting with Portsmouth Grange at their Grange hall on the East Main Road. With Worthy Master Joseph A. Peckman of Middletown presiding, a short business session was conducted in the morning during which excellent reports were received from the following granges, Conanicut Grange, Jamestown, Aquidneck Grange, Middletown, Nonquit Grange, Tiverton.

There were no delegates from the fifth grange constituting the County grange, namely Little Compton, nor was any report received. While Pomona meetings are held here in their turn, Little Compton takes no active part in Pomona work. Dinner was served at 12.45 by Past Master Warren B. Sherman and wife assisted by Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Frank Carr.

The afternoon session opened at 1.45 and the installation and lecturer's hour which followed were open to the public. Owing to the postponement, the general deputy, Mr. Edmund Spooner of East Greenwich, was unable to be present to install the officers but this duty was ably performed by his wife, Mrs. Bertha M. Spooner, the Master of Davisville Grange. She was assisted by Mrs. Charles Magoon of East Greenwich and by Miss Orlana Anthony of Portsmouth. Mrs. Walter Soule of Portsmouth presided at the piano.

The afternoon's literary program was one on patriotism entitled, "Our two Presidents, Washington and Lincoln," and included selections and poems upon the lives and character of these two famous men. Patriotic music was given by the quartette, Messrs. Myron F. Corey and Edwin Barker, and Mrs. Edward Corey and Mrs. Susie Pelley from Nonquit Grange Tiverton.

The hall was especially attractive having recently been renovated and refitted. The decorations included a large number of small American flags, a handsome large American flag draped over the piano surmounted by a large green wreath, and large portraits of the two presidents with flags above and encircled by green wreaths.

Several guests were present from out of town granges, State Lecturer, Mr. Charles Magoon and wife of Davisville Grange, East Greenwich, Mr. Clarence O. Carpenter of Central Grange, Warwick, and Mr. and Mrs. Hammond of Roger Williams Grange, East Providence. Through the invitation of Nonquit Grange Tiverton, an additional meeting will be held with them on March 16.

On Tuesday afternoon, after more than two years of weariness and suffering, Mrs. Orpah Jane Wyatt, wife of Mr. James Wyatt of Berkeley avenue, was released by death. Her health, never very rugged from birth, has failed steadily in recent years and the end came as a relief from continued pain. Mrs. Wyatt was born in St. John N. B. Feb. 8, 1855, the eldest of the three children of Rev. E. Manning and Lavina Starratt.

Upon the death of her mother, at the age of 15, she was brought to Newport by her aunt, Mrs. Olive Brigham, with whom she remained until her marriage with Mr. James Wyatt in 1887 which occurred at the Stone Church, Tiverton. Her entire married life has been spent in Middletown in the home on Berkeley avenue in which she died. Mrs. Wyatt attracted to herself a large circle of friends by her gentleness and sweetness of character. Her death was due to Bright's disease. She is survived by her husband, Mr. James Wyatt, who at the age of 91 is the oldest resident in Middletown, and by three half brothers, William Starratt of Maine, Samuel Starratt of Chicago and Coleman Starratt of New Brunswick.

Funeral services were conducted by Rev. H. H. Crichlow at the Methodist Episcopal Church at the Four Corners, Friday at 3 p. m.

A celebration of Holy Communion was observed at the Berkeley Memorial Chapel on Ash Wednesday by Rev. Latta Griswold. Services will be held each Friday afternoon through Lent at the Berkeley Chapel at 4 P. M.

Mr. Ashton C. Barker, who has been enjoying a month's vacation in the South, has returned from Florida.

The ladies of Holy Cross Guild gave a progressive whist at the Guild Hall on last Friday evening for the benefit of the Middletown Free Library, realizing about five dollars. On Wednesday of next week they will give their usual monthly "dime" supper at the Guild House. It will be a New England supper.

AFTER STOCK TAKING,

Clearance Sale

—OF—

Carpet and Matting Remnants

AND THIS IS THE WHY! At the end of every season the carpet mills drop out a goodly portion of the previous season's patterns to make way for the new designs that must take up the looms. Every carpet store then finds itself in possession of a quantity of "short ends" or remnants, sometimes the most desirable patterns in its stock, which it is impossible to get more of.

Some concerns hang on to these one-room pieces hoping the customers will come along some day who will need just the amount. Not so here—we hunt for the customers. Got a room to cover? Bring on the measure, get the remnant out of our way and keep the extra $5 or $10 in your own pocket.

Best Body Brussels,
Regular $1.25 and $1.50 grades.
89c. per yard made and laid.

Best Hartford Velvets,
Regular $1.15 and $1.25 grades.
79c. per yard made and laid.

Best Tapestry Brussels,
Regular 90c. and $1 grades.
59c. per yard made and laid.

STRAW MATTINGS.

Heavy China Matting,
Regular 20c., 25c. and 35c. grades,
10c., 15c. per yard.

Japanese Cottonwarps,
Regularly from 30c. to 50c. yard,
10c., 15c. per yard.

Matting Sample Patterns,
1 yard to 1½ yards long, just right for mats or rugs,
5c. each.

Remember this is a clearance sale of remnants only. The quantity is not great, but the opportunity is exceptionally so if your room will fit the carpet. Try it and see.

A. C. TITUS CO., 225-229 Thames Street, Newport, R. I.

A QUALITY TALK.

When buying Fire Insurance buy the best; that is buy it in Companies who have passed through great conflagrations, notably the San Francisco conflagration with the highest credit. They cost is the same.

WE have the Companies.

WM. E. BRIGHTMAN,
169 THAMES STREET.

A Private Branch Exchange telephone system saves time and confusion. It is designed for both Exchange and Intercommunicating service, and to bring all parts of a busy plant in instant touch with its management. Consult us for plans and rates before duplicating telephone facilities. We can save you money.

PROVIDENCE TELEPHONE CO.,
NEWPORT, R. I. 142 SPRING STREET
LOCAL CONTRACT OFFICE.

Court of Probate, Middletown, R. I., February 15, A. D. 1909.

ALBERT L. CHASE, the Administrator of the estate of *DAVID COGGESHALL*, late of said Middletown, deceased, presents to this Court his second account therewith, and thereon prays that the same may be examined, allowed and recorded.

It is ordered that the consideration of said account be referred to the Court of Probate, to be held at the Town Hall in said Middletown, on Monday, the fifteenth day of March next, A. D. 1909, at one o'clock p. m., and that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week at least, in the *Newport Mercury*.

ALBERT L. CHASE,
2-20-1w Probate Clerk.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

NEWPORT, February 13th, 1909.

THE UNDERSIGNED, Executrix of the last Will and Testament of REBECCA S. BACHELLER, late of the City of Newport, deceased, which Will has been admitted to probate by the Probate Court of the City of Newport, hereby gives notice that she has accepted said trust and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

2-13-3w TILLIE A. BACHELLER.

Public Hearing.

Notice is hereby given that the

SENATE COMMITTEE
ON
EDUCATION

will give a Public Hearing to all persons interested in

"AN ACT conferring power upon the Washington Park College of Pharmacy to award Diplomas to and confer Degrees upon its Graduates," on

TUESDAY, March 2d, 1909,

IN COMMITTEE ROOM NO. 209.

DANIEL S. LATHAM,
2-27-1w Chairman

The Actual Worth
OF A
PIANO
cannot be determined from the outside.

The Pianos we have sold have proved worthy. Come any day to look.

Barney's
Music Store
154 Thames Street

Carr's List.

The Climbing Courvatels, by Townsend.
Miss Minerva and William Green Hill, by Calhoun.
The Three Brothers, by Phillpotts.
With the Battle Fleet, by Matthews.
The Red Mouse, by Osborne.

DAILY NEWS BUILDING.

Going to The
INAUGURATION

Do not miss the impressive pageant at Washington on March 4th.

It's worth traveling a good many miles to join the cheering throngs that acclaim the new President—to see the soldiery and civic bodies in procession—to hear the stirring music of countless bands.

Washington will welcome you with true southern hospitality. You will have no trouble in finding accommodations to suit your purse.

The round trip fares have been reduced for this event.

Let us send you detailed information about fares and service. Please write to-day. Address A. B. SMITH, General Passenger Agent, New Haven, Conn.

New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad Company.

1-30

Probate Court of the City of Newport, February 25th, 1909.

Estate of John W. Higbee.

AN INSTRUMENT in writing, purporting to be the last Will and Testament of John W. Higbee, late of said Newport, deceased, is presented for probate, and the same is received and referred to the fifteenth day of March next, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the *Newport Mercury*.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD,
2-27-1w Clerk.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

New Shoreham, R. I., Jan. 1st, 1909.

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that she has been appointed by the Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, Administratrix of the estate of NAPOLEON B. MITCHELL, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said court, within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

LUCY A. MITCHELL,
2-20-3w Administratrix.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

New Shoreham, R. I., Jan. 1st, 1909.

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that she has been appointed by the Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, Administratrix of the estate of RAY T. MITCHELL, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said court, within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

LUCY A. MITCHELL,
2-20-3w Administratrix.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

Newport, February 20th, 1909.

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that he has been appointed by the Probate Court of the City of Newport, Administrator of the estate of ELIZABETH MANNING, late of said Newport, deceased, and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said court, within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

2-20-3w MICHAEL MANNING.

FALL RIVER LINE
FOR NEW YORK
—THE—
SOUTH & WEST

Palatial Steamers
COMMONWEALTH and PROVIDENCE
in commission.

Orchestra and Wireless Telegraphy on each.

FROM NEWPORT—Leave week days and Sundays at 9.15 p. m. Due New York 7.00 a. m.

FROM NEW YORK—Leave Pier 19, North River, foot of Warren Street, week days and Sundays, 5.00 p. m., due at Newport 7.30 a. m., leave Newport 3.45 p. m., due Fall River, 6.00 a. m.

Tickets and staterooms at New York & Boston Despatch Express office, 272 Thames street, J. I. Greene, Ticket Agent.

THE NEW ENGLAND NAVIGATION COMPANY.

C. C. GARDNER, Agent, Newport, R. I.
F. G. COLEY, A. G. P. A., New York.

FREE LECTURES
IN
VEGETABLE GARDENING
AND
COOKING OF VEGETABLES
NEWPORT, R. I.

Gardening for Pleasure and Profit. How to get the most out of the land now utilized and how to make that back lot contribute to the pleasure and profit of the family.

Lectures on Market and Home Gardening and on the Preparation of Vegetables for the Table, by an Expert Market Gardener from Boston, and Members of the Faculty of the R. I. College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts.

An Adventure in Contentment
Do you want to take it in?
We have nothing to sell

Simple lessons from experienced practical men. No cost. No restrictions of sex or race. Only requirement that you come the first night and register for course of lessons.

TEACHERS interested in school gardens or nature study will find the course advantageous.

NOTE DOWN THE PLACE:
Cole's Laboratory Lecture Room
AND THE TIME:
Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, 8 P. M.,
MARCH 3, 4 and 5

Lecture on Cooking, Thursday afternoon, March 4, at 4:45 o'clock.

AND THE TEACHERS:

The R. I. College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, the State Board of Agriculture, with the co-operation of the Newport Horticultural Society, and the Public School Department. 2-20-2w

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Cheapest and Best
Will not taint Water
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Waterproof and time-defying
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Coated boilerplates, won't rot underneath
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BILL SHEPLEY,
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SHOES
FOR EVERY NEED, AT
THE
T. Mumford Seabury
COMPANY,
214 Thames Street.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.
Office of the

State Board of Public Roads.

The undersigned Board will meet at the Court House, Newport, R. I., Thursday, August 6, and each succeeding Thursday until further notice, between the hours of 10 a. m. and 4 p. m., to grant operators' licenses and to receive applications for registration of motor vehicles and motor cycles.

State Board of Public Roads.
1-8-tf

Private Wires. Tel. 1820
B. O. GROSS,
COMMISSION STOCK BROKER
Mercury Building,
Newport, R. I.

Correspondent of WM. IVES & CO., members of the New York Consolidated Stock Exchange.
Stocks and bonds bought and sold for cash or carried on margin.
8-26-tf

USE
Diamond Hill
BIRD
—AND—
Poultry Grit,
FREE FROM DUST,
White and Clean,
INSURES
Healthy Fowl.
ASK YOUR DEALER FOR IT.
MANUFACTURED BY
Newport Compressed Brick Co.
Newport, R. I.

WANTED
SUCCESSFUL boarding house-keeper to hire or manage successful country hotel.
W. G. PEOKHAM,
10-17 Westfield, N. J.